





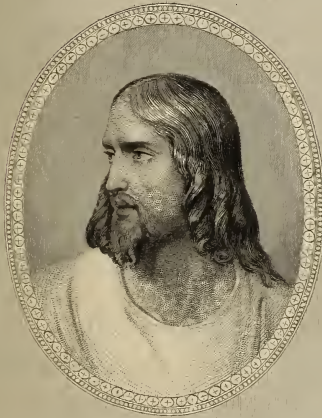
Chas. W. Goodwin

The Catholic Series.

ULTRAMONTANISM,
OR THE
ROMAN CHURCH AND MODERN SOCIETY.

BY E. QUINET,
OF THE COLLEGE OF FRANCE.

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*Translated from the French,*  
THIRD EDITION, WITH THE AUTHOR'S APPROBATION,  
By C. COCKS, B.L.



“ Instead of casting an interdict upon almost all ages, I see them all proceeding from God, gradually approaching the light and life. Each brings its image, rite and thought to that tradition in which they ought all to be represented. I no longer find any profane history; every history is sacred to me, because I recognise in every one the reflection of something divine, without which it would not subsist. Ought I, because Christianity has exalted me, to look from my eminence only with contempt upon that unknown crowd of my brethren, who, from one worship or another, are climbing up towards this splendour?”—Page 82.

LONDON:  
JOHN CHAPMAN, 121, NEWGATE STREET.

M.DCCC.XLV.

BX 1753  
Q6



## PREFACE BY THE TRANSLATOR.

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THE favourable reception obtained by my translation of M. Michelet's new work, "*Priests, Women and Families*," has induced me to attempt the present historical and philosophical work of his friend and colleague M. Quinet.

The merit of this book has been eminently proved by the enthusiasm it has excited among enlightened and unprejudiced readers, not only in Paris and throughout France, but also in Germany, where several translations of it have already appeared. When public opinion has almost unanimously pronounced in favour of a great writer, the translator need not superfluously attempt to "gild refined gold,—or cast a perfume on the violet;" his duty will be simply to leave the volume to the unbiassed judgment of the candid reader. Let *him* then decide, not whether the work be orthodox or heterodox, according to this or that particular church; but whether the argument be fairly conducted or not, and whether the whole volume be not superlatively Evangelical, and imbued with the very essence of spiritual Christianity.

For my own part, I have followed what I have ever considered the most satisfactory manner of translating books of this nature; which is, to give a faithful interpretation of the author in as near as possible his own style of language.

Though I need say so little upon the subject of the book

itself, I beg leave to avail myself of this opportunity of expressing to M. Quinet my sincere gratitude for the many obliging favours I have so often received from him during the progress of this translation.\* His eminent talents receive new lustre from his urbanity and universal benevolence; and the pleasure I have derived from the perusal of his works can only be equalled by that of having gained his esteem and approbation.

C. C.

Bordeaux, August 1, 1845.

\* He not only forwarded me early numbers of his works, but kindly offered his assistance if necessary:—"Je serais tout empressé," says he, in one of his letters, "de vous offrir mon propre concours, s'il pouvait vous être utile. Mes efforts tendent à l'union de la grande famille humaine," &c.

# CONTENTS.

---

|                                                     | PAGE |
|-----------------------------------------------------|------|
| THE AUTHOR'S PREFACE TO THE THIRD EDITION . . . . . | 1    |
| THE AUTHOR'S ADDRESS TO HIS AUDITORS . . . . .      | 3    |

## FIRST LECTURE.

### THE SUPERLATIVELY CATHOLIC KINGDOM OF SPAIN.

Preliminary explanations.—Situation of the Spanish Church.—Studies made upon the spot.—A nation that serves as an experiment to Ultramontanism.—Philip II. and Napoleon.—Why the Church of Spain has fallen.—What the people asked for.—A Lesson for the French Clergy.—Two societies opposed to each other: the Middle Ages and the Nineteenth Century.—Social Mission of the Peninsula: a nation of paupers.—France responsible for civilization.—What a Neo-Catholic reaction would be in the South.—France more Catholic than Rome . . . . . 7

## SECOND LECTURE.

### POLITICAL RESULTS OF CATHOLICISM IN SPAIN.

Two-fold education of Spain by Christianity and by Ultramontan-ism.—Interdict in the Middle Ages, and in our time.—Menaces

|                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         | PAGE |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------|
| of the Church.—Have modern States no other foundation than Catholicism?—New questions : Divinity in the modern world ; applied to Spain.—Spirit of Equality and Servitude.—What is its cause ?—Communion by blood.—A religious sanction given to violence by the Inquisition.—What a royal soul might do.—Symptoms of new life.—The Cortes.—Spanish Eloquence.—Voting.—Cause of the indifference of the people for political questions.—What must be done ?—A new Mahometanism to be combated . . . . . | 22   |

### THIRD LECTURE.

#### THE ROMAN CHURCH AND THE STATE.

The Councils.—Relation between the religious and the political Constitutions.—Council of Florence.—Hopes deceived.—Spirit of the Council of Trent.—Ideal of Ultramontaniam.—The Church, formerly democratical, becomes an absolute Monarchy.—Europe is fashioned upon this model.—Who troubled this order?—Is the modern State Atheistical?—Catholicism and Protestantism ; France belongs exclusively to neither.—Opinion of Leibnitz.—In an eminent danger, what would be the banner of France?—She would be a mediatrix between the North and the South.—The Council perpetually assembled . . . . . 36

### FOURTH LECTURE.

#### THE ROMAN CHURCH AND SCIENCE.

The Church is unpeopled.—Galileo.—Genius of intuition.—His philosophy.—Bacon.—Kepler.—Enthusiasm in Mathematics.—Why observation was sterile in the Middle Ages.—Galileo does the office of Priest.—Revolution which his system brought into

|                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     |    |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----|
| the dogma.—Equality of heaven and earth.—Divorce between<br>the Church and Science.—The <i>Rigorous Examination</i> .—Moral<br>Torture.—Who are the Prophets in the Modern World? The<br>Church abused by her own; Galileo more Christian than Rome.<br>—The heroism of intellect.—Truly Catholic Science . . . . . | 52 |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----|

## FIFTH LECTURE.

## THE ROMAN CHURCH AND HISTORY.

|                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         |    |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----|
| Necessity of an instruction more religious than the ecclesiastical.<br>—Relations between Vico and Popery.—Principle of the new<br>science.—Providence an accomplice of Paganism.—Vico and<br>Bossuet.—Philosophy of Revelation.—There is no Profane<br>History.—What is the end of History in Ultramontanism?—The<br>Priest stripped twice in one century of two sacred attributions.<br>—Humanity and Sects . . . . . | 75 |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----|

## SIXTH LECTURE.

## THE ROMAN CHURCH AND LAW.

|                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     |    |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----|
| <i>The Inquisition</i> . Vico's last effort.—Giannone.—Silence begins to<br>reign in the South.—Spirit of the Inquisition.—Impossible for<br>the Roman Church not to transport its principle into its penal<br>code.—Decrees of torture.—The Roman Law.—What does the<br>Church in the sixteenth century?—The Executioner.—The<br>penal law of the middle ages.—The Church loses the perception<br>of the divine, countenances Jesuitism, abhors innovation.—Per-<br>secution of St. Philip de Neri, St. Charles Borromeo, St. John<br>de la Croix, and Louis de Leon.—Transitions of the Church.—<br>Port Royal.—M. de Rancé.—The Trappists.—Principles of the<br>Port Royalists.—Pascal . . . . . | 88 |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----|

## SEVENTH LECTURE.

## THE ROMAN CHURCH AND PHILOSOPHY.

|                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                      | PAGE |
|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------|
| Italy had her eighteenth century two hundred years before ours.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                      |      |
| —That movement does not spread.—Why?—New signification of the eighteenth century.—Migration of the modern world.—Necessity of re-establishing the thread of French tradition.—Are the Philosophers of the eighteenth century merely sceptics?—The kingdom of the Spirit.—Concessions made by Philosophy to the invasions of 1814 and 1815.—Voltaire denied.—Why?—Voltaire an instrument of God against his sinful Church; the organ of the universal Spirit.—Rousseau; his relations with Protestantism.—What are the works of the new Spirit? . . . | 108  |

## EIGHTH LECTURE.

## THE ROMAN CHURCH AND NATIONS.

|                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                      |     |
|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----|
| Social contract between papacy and Italy.—Upon what condition did Italy sacrifice her nationality?—Policy advised by the Church.—Savonarola.—Chiabrera.—Filicaja.—Contempt of the Roman Church for nationalities.—In what Rome disavows the ideal of sacred policy.—Her part played in contemporary history.—Napoleon and the Pope.—Congresses.—How to vanquish Rome without combating her . . . . . | 126 |
|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----|

## NINTH LECTURE.

## THE ROMAN CHURCH AND THE UNIVERSAL CHURCH.

|                                                                                                                                                                                              |  |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--|
| False ideal in literature.—Religious questions which indicate the work of the future.—What is true in the reaction.—What is the instinct of immortality?—Of the Universal City of Souls.—New |  |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--|

CONTENTS.

ix

|                                                                                                                                                                                     | PAGE |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------|
| aspect of the Clergy throughout Europe.—Rome and Humanity.                                                                                                                          |      |
| —Is the fortune of the Roman race connected with that of the Roman Church?—Every Christian nation is immortal. Greece. Italy.—In what consists the genius of the French Revolution? |      |
| —A token of the future.—Conclusion . . . . .                                                                                                                                        | 143  |

APPENDIX.

|                                                                               |     |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----|
| Answer to some observations of the Archbishop of Paris . . . . .              | 160 |
| Funeral Oration pronounced at the tomb of M. Geoffroy Saint-Hilaire . . . . . | 180 |
| Answer to a Speech pronounced June 20, at the end of my Lectures . . . . .    | 184 |





# PREFACE

## TO THE THIRD EDITION.

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SEVERAL volumes have been written to refute this work ; yet, I print it again to-day, such as it originally appeared ; for it contains a fund of ideas with which I shall live and die.

My adversaries have cheated themselves into the belief, that this book is the work of chance,—a mere polemical treatise. I say, *The Genius of Religions*, *The Jesuits*, *Ultramontanism*, and *Christianity and the French Revolution*, form an *ensemble* of principles independent of every circumstance. My life, thank God, does not float about at the beck and call of controversy ; neither, in order to discover where the Church was, did I await till the storm arose.

E. QUINET.

*Paris, June 4th, 1845.*



## TO MY AUDITORS.

---

I DEDICATE these pages to the known and unknown friends I may have among you ; and thereby I desire to bear witness that whatever truth is contained in them, sprung from your conscience as much as from my own.

You have felt, better than any, the importance of the religious questions now so warmly debated. You felt convinced that all the future is contained in them : in these struggles of the intellect, though the names be old, the things they conceal are entirely new.

Far from hating our adversaries, you thought we ought rather to congratulate ourselves on their aggressions. They do what they believe to be their duty ; let us take thence the occasion to do what is assuredly ours.

If sincere emotion has so often burst forth among you and affected me, it is not my voice, but facts that have spoken and cried out to you from this chair. I had merely to show them to you, and that ferment of the future, which they contain, was aroused ; it burst out in your consciences still so young ; and, like a pure diamond, they produced as soon as they were touched, the spark of life.

We did not go to seek out questions foreign to us ; I have avoided them as much as I was able ; but they have rushed upon me : I should have been unworthy to open my mouth, if I had not endeavoured to give utterance to the thought they contain.

It would have been unquestionably more comfortable for me to avoid an open conflict. Do I not know that, in affairs of this

nature, we find against us the headstrong, whom we must oppose, the indifferent, who do not wish to be aroused, and all those who, engaged in some detail or other, do not wish us to bring them back into the midst of difficulties? Moreover, what is the lot of these works written with the purest blood of our hearts? Many fancy that we cannot enter deeply into such things, with all the impartiality and attention of a literary man in the peaceful solitude of his closet. They do not know that some minds, on the contrary, feel a real calmness, an inspiration, a remarkable equanimity, in the very front of battle. They object to us what is precisely, in our estimation, the purest mark of truth; and never has the world mistrusted, more than it does to-day, whoever considers the soul as an authority. They abandon to us, with a smile, honour, dignity and liberty, that simple appanage which it is fashionable in our age to call the errors of youth.

I knew all that, and yet I persevered; for, I am convinced that Jesuitism and Ultramontanism are only a symptom of an evil unquestionably more deeply rooted; those marshy plants indicate the state of the surrounding atmosphere. If we do not, in spite of every obstacle, re-animate the principle of moral life, I feel perfectly certain that we are hastening towards our overthrow, an irremediable downfall before all Europe. With this conviction, I was not permitted to hesitate about throwing myself into the thickest of this battle, where my adversaries are, as it were, on every side.

What has become of that great instruction which, during the restoration, resounded from the political tribune? When almost everybody aspires only to *become possible*,\* ideas remain, by absolute necessity, far below reality.

\* *Se rendre possible* is a new political expression in France. *Homme possible* means a man whose views and opinions coinciding with those of the government, permit the *possibility* of his being employed by it; a man of a contrary opinion is called *impossible*.—C. C.

In a recent publication, we were contented to refute the past ; to-day we go much further. The scepticism of hell is that which denies itself. Jesuitism has compromised Catholicism ; beware lest Catholicism, thus engaged, do not compromise Christianity. Such has been our starting point. But, without confining ourselves to a critical point of view, we have marked out real foundations. We have raised, opposite to each of the ideas of Ultramontanism, another idea, at once more true, more fertile, and more religious. We have criticised the past only in showing the signs of the future.

It is evident I neither can nor ought to attach any literary importance to the form of discourses which were, generally speaking, sketched on one day, and printed the next ; but I do attach an immense importance to the matter, which is, as it were, the very basis of my conscience, and for which I am ready to endure every thing. The mere arrangement of words will not disguise my meaning from any person.

It is certain we have brought discussion upon the most serious matters. The middle ages did not use it otherwise in those famous schools, in which the most vital problems of every period ever resounded. How can we refuse ourselves to-day what was the common right of the thirteenth century ?

Secret instruction can no longer be possible for anybody. In questions of such vital importance as those which are now being discussed, our country has the right to know exactly who and what we are. If I speak in the spirit of France, let her strengthen me ! If not, let her know it, and crush me. I entertain the conviction that I have espoused what has made, in modern times, her grandeur, her strength, her union, and her glory before God and man. Is it possible that she no longer cherishes any of these things ?

Moreover, if it be true that there is, somewhere or other, an alliance between people persuaded that religion is good at least to amuse and turn aside the minds of nations, it is good

to warn them that nobody is the dupe of this double impiety towards heaven and earth.

What we must restore or prepare at every price, is the reign and religion of sincerity. If one generation consent to lose it, let us work to enable the new generation to restore it; then would the sons redeem their fathers.

E. QUINET.

*Paris, 10th July, 1844.*

# FIRST LECTURE.

---

## ON THE SUPERLATIVELY CATHOLIC KINGDOM OF SPAIN.

MARCH 20, 1844.

IN order to speak of the South of Europe, I have just arrived from visiting Grenada and Cordova. Considering at what point we have now arrived, and in what circumstances we have been placed, I felt convinced, that in order to pronounce a serious discourse upon the genius of the South and Catholic nations, it was indispensable for me to visit that country which, amid all her intestine wars, has never failed to personify Roman orthodoxy in its most inflexible rigour. I considered that task as a part of that which I have here to fulfil. I departed for Spain, without the support of any one, and much against the advice and wishes of all my friends, who, in their anxiety foreboded only ruin and disaster to me in that land of misery. But, assuredly, I should not open my mouth upon this subject, if I did not know that, while I was rambling over and investigating the most inhospitable *Sierras*, alone, and (I must say) more than once in danger of my life, it happened that falsehood and calumny were lying here in ambush against me.

In fact, what did they say and print? This, and a smile will be my only answer: they said and printed, not only in France but abroad, that I had received an official diplomatic

mission; that this dumb mission was for the purpose of leaving this chair empty, and that I had gone by complaisance to throw myself into the furnace of Spain, probably into the blockade of some bombarded town. I shall not insult any one of my hearers by thinking that he could for a moment give credit to such clownish inventions; I will not admit what would be discouraging for every body, that falsehood, by underhand contrivances, could so soon have prevailed against so many words which from my conscience have passed into yours.

Suppose they had come and said to me, at five hundred leagues from here: "I bring you sad news; the youth of France have abandoned their colours; it was blue, henceforth it will be white: everything has changed; they have gone over to the enemy; what they approved of in you, they now deny; here are the proofs, they are striking,—evident." If any one had come to me with such language, I should have answered,—"No, it cannot be; because I know those of whom you speak; because I have felt my whole existence blended with theirs in decisive moments which never return, but which are never forgotten. Now, that esteem which I entertain for my auditors, I feel I have some right to expect from them; hence it happens that I have carried my contempt for their falsehood so far as to neglect to contradict it. It would be doing too much honour to wickedness, to allow that every invention runs the risk of being admitted as true, provided it be calumnious, and that the life and works of a man cannot shelter him for a moment.

Two reasons impelled me towards Spain. The first is an entirely literary one. The books of a modern nation may be for me the object of a private study; but, I make it a matter of conscience to say nothing about them in public, so long as I have not touched with my hands, and seen, with my own eyes, the places, monuments, things, and men, who are the perpetual commentary of them. To speak at my ease of the expeditions of the Catholic Kings, I had need to have fol-



lowed their footsteps through the passes of the mountains; I should not know Philip II. without having seen the Escorial; and it is in the mosques of Toledo\* and Andalusia, that I understood all the Mahometan spirit of the Christianity of Calderon.

My second and, perhaps, principal reason, was the necessity I was under of studying the situation of the Spanish Church. In the war carried on against us by the men of the past, I wished to meet with that famous Spanish and Portuguese fanaticism, to examine it closely, interrogate it, and seek it in its ashes. Does it threaten to revive? Has the clamour of our theological quarrels aroused it again? Does it accept the alliance? Is it also preparing, on its side, to fetter the mind of Southern Europe? This is what was indispensable for me to know.

I will state, at once, that the conviction to which I came upon this point is, that the mass of the Spanish clergy understand nothing, yet, of the complicated tactics of the clergies in the North. So many subtle discussions, and ecclesiastical books, pamphlets, and papers, frighten simple men who do not read, and who are apt to consider every new work as a heresy. They no longer recognize their old Church under the half-philosophical costume which is put on among us by the Church militant; and they instinctively mistrust so many new weapons which they know not how to handle.

The crucifix and the sabre are still the natural arms of the great mass of these Christians descended from Mahomet; beyond that, everything seems to them a snare and danger for their faith.

Accordingly, they have remained, up to the present day, perfectly dead to the appeals of foreign priests and theologians. Whether it be an instinct of tradition, or a national obstinacy, the *Catholic* kingdom puts no faith in the present reaction, which seems to it to be too much confused with abstractions

\* The Church of Maria la Blanca.

and reasonings. The new colouring, borrowed from the art of the laity, disconcerts men accustomed to the Inquisition; to speak frankly, the Spanish clergy, far from accepting, till now, the intimate alliance with the French clergy, are very much inclined to suspect them of novelties, philosophy, eclectism, pantheism, and doctrinarism, if these words have yet crossed the Pyrenees.

What has Spain been for the last two centuries and a half? A country destined to serve as a theatre for the most decisive experiment imaginable upon the efficacy of Ultramontane doctrines left to themselves. Every particular project of reaction disappears before this reaction of a whole race of men.

The genius of the past, in the sixteenth century, musters its strength, settles, and takes root in Spain, in face of New Europe, Protestantism, and Philosophy; and like a bull baited in the circus, shows fight to the crowd. The people and the king understand each other. For two hundred years, this country swears that not one new idea or sentiment shall cross its frontier, and this oath is kept. In order that the doctrines of Ultramontanism and the Council of Trent may show what they can effect by themselves, for the salvation of modern nations, this country is given up, abandoned to them, without reserve; the very angels of Mahomet will watch from the summits of the Arab towers of Toledo and the Alhambra, in order that no ray of the new word may penetrate into the enclosure. Burning stakes are prepared; and every man who invites the future shall be reduced to ashes. Seville boasts that she alone burnt sixteen thousand men in twenty years. This is not yet enough! The country thus shut up must be occupied by a great king, Philip II., an imperturbable soul, in whom the genius of reaction is personified. The pencils of Titian and Rubens have not been able to enliven, with a single gleam of sunshine, that pale, sinister countenance, that royal spectre, the inflexible monarch of a dead society.

This king, in order the better to escape from the murmur

of new life, founds, with one word, his capital at Madrid, in a desert; he leads, he drags his people, as much as he can, into a Thebaid. For his part, he escapes even from this faint noise of life; at the foot of the rocks of the Escorial he gathers around him four hundred monks of the order of Saint Jerome, who work, day and night, to separate him from the land of the living. He has his cell built in the centre of the church,—at the foot of the high altar,—in a cellar where daylight, mingled with the gleam of wax-candles, scarcely penetrates. This sepulchre is his habitation! And from this damp, dark tomb, issues that spirit of reaction, that icy soul, which, like a poison distilled from this royal serpent, and filtered into the very extremities of Spain, suddenly stops the pulsation of that great and, till then, impassioned Castilian heart, where Arabia had kindled her flame.

This seal set upon the soul of Spain was so powerful, that it passed unimpaired through the two last centuries. How then was this machine of reaction broken up? By whom? What man? or, what nation? This is, in my opinion, the most extraordinary feature in contemporaneous history.

The spirit of France, at length, meets the spirit of reaction face to face in Spain, during those terrible campaigns of Napoleon, from 1809 to 1813; the nineteenth century comes to blows with the fifteenth, and Napoleon wrestles with the phantom of Philip II. The holy militia marches forth from the monasteries, with the cross in one hand and a carbine in the other. It finds again in the mosques the warlike soul of Mahomet. The Church and Democracy seal their mystic union, faster than ever, in the blood of Saragossa. We all have some of our friends in the sterile plains of Ocanna, Vittoria, and Talavera. The monks are masters of the field; they have slain the soldiers of France. The reaction, inaugurated by Philip II., has received its crown; the victorious Church of Spain has now only to enjoy her empire uncontested. That seems to you the natural course of things; but what happened was just the contrary; the Spanish

Church, intoxicated with joy after the fall of Napoleon, perished in the triumph of Spain.

In effect, amid that universal frenzy, the people address the Church, by a hundred thousand voices, saying: "Church of Spain, I defended you at Burgos, Ocanna, and Somosierra; I gained you the victory at Baylen and Vittoria; I have saved and avenged you; I have filled your cup to the brim with the blood of France; and, with this blood, we offer you a funeral libation. Whilst all other nations have chosen other guides, I alone remained faithful; I wished to have, and I sought only you, to enter into new life. And now, when all your enemies are dead, pronounce for me a word, a single word of life. Lead me towards the future, which others speak of, but you alone possess. I am naked in mind as well as body; clothe me with your splendour. Church of Saint Dominick, Saint Theresa, and Peter of Alcantara, pronounce one of those fiery words which work miracles, and that the saints used formerly to utter to our fathers."

But, at these entirely new words spoken from the heart of a nation, the Church of Spain remained thunderstruck, and speechless; she knew not what to answer; she did not even understand this language. How could she have made a single effort to satisfy a spiritual and social want, of which she had never suspected the existence? She shut her brazen gates behind her, and vanished, as if spontaneously, in the monasteries; whence no prayer, not even one sigh, was uttered for that nation starving for hope. At that moment, the Spanish people understood that the Church and they had separate lives; they put their hopes beyond her, separated from her, and sought elsewhere the present and the future.

If a more precise reason for this miraculous fall of the Spanish Church be required, I will present one in all its simplicity. As long as the war lasted, the Clergy answered the spirit of their country and their time. In battle, these men could pronounce the word of hatred and extermination; they felt something holy in the combat, and this is why I honour

them. They were the men of the Old Testament, of the ancient covenant, the priests of the god of battles, Allah and Jehovah, united for a moment under the same banner; and, as in the Old Testament, they crushed the head of their enemy against the wall; their glory is, that they stained their purple robes with our blood. But when the battle was over, those lips, accustomed to the hymn of hatred, could not pronounce the word of peace, reconciliation, and alliance. They had made a guerilla-weapon of their crucifix; and they could not discover, in that exterminating Christ, the pastor of the world.

How could they reconcile the living, who knew not how to reconcile the dead? It is true they plant a cross upon the road, or in the street, on the spot where a man has been assassinated; but they have not even thought of fixing a single one upon those vast battle-fields, those immense burial-grounds, of which they do not understand the sense, and over which the spirit of extermination is still hovering.

It is commonly believed, that the clergy have fallen because they made no use of their hands, but left their lands uncultivated! Not so! What the noble Spanish people expected from those men, was not the work of their hands, but the work of the soul; and this is what was wanting. As intellectual workmen, the clergy were not asked to dig canals, or construct manufactories; they were required only to shed a new moral life, to come out of the old law, and produce from the rock the fountain of the spirit.

And where are you now, you legions of guerilla-monks, so formidable in war, so impotent in peace? Heroic monks, where are you? What has become of you? I have sought you everywhere, in your monasteries and in your cells, about the tomb of Philip II. and in the Escorial, but I found not one; I have knocked at the gates of innumerable *Chartreuses*,\* and convents of every order, in cities, and in desert places.

\* Carthusian monasteries; hence the English word *Charter-house*.  
—C. C.

I have called, but no one has answered. I have shaken open the gates, and entered; from Biscay down to Andalusia, and in Portugal, I have found, thanks to you, the cloisters of the Gospel more deserted and dilapidated than the Alhambra of the Koran. I heard only the hammer of the workman, who was demolishing those walls without anger and without regret; I have seen the storm-beaten crucifix facing the mosques of Moorish Kings, hanging in the air above the ruins of its church. I wished to touch the bones of the great captain of Catholic kings, Gonzalvo of Cordova; but those bones have been pillaged in the *Chartreuse* of Grenada. Near the place where people were buried at Madrid, I heard a public eulogy of Voltaire; the palaces of the Inquisition are everywhere turned into theatres; even those hermit figures of Zurbaran and Murillo, who formerly peopled the cloisters, had disappeared.

I wanted to meet with a monk in Spain, cost what it would; but I was not able to find one. Only, here and there, in by-roads I met with a few men, who, divested of their ecclesiastical costume, and starving, asked charity of me in a broken voice; they were all that remained of the militia of Philip II.

Will so manifest a lesson be at length understood? Would to God that our clergy might comprehend it! For, in this matter, it is not I, but things that speak. The Spanish Church wished to be alone, without any one to contradict her. She succeeded in making a desert around her. Philosophy, Protestantism, dissenting minds, science,—everything was cursed by her; and everything was sacrificed to her. But it happened, that these men of the past lost themselves in this absolute loneliness; they wished to sterilize the modern world; and the sterility began in themselves. In delivering themselves from their adversaries, they became severed from life; and in pretending to kill the new man, their blows fell upon themselves.

When the Church thus retired from the conduct of affairs, the Spanish people did not, on that account, abandon them-

selves. They had blindly followed in the desert the pillar of fire as long as it had glimmered; when that flambeau died out with the war, what remained for them to do? One single and truly heroic action: instantly to embrace, without any deliberation, the thought, symbol, and future of their enemy, the French nation, with which they had just mingled their blood. This spectacle is, I believe, unparalleled in the world! In 1812, at the moment when wounded France bleeds in all the passes of Spain, the mind of France takes root and shoots forth from one end of Spain to the other. Those illustrious guerilla-chiefs, Riego, Empecinado, and Porlier, who had waged war so valiantly against us, those new martyrs whom the Church does not know, but whose names are inscribed in golden letters upon the walls of the Cortes, imbibe the soul, the belief of our fathers and brothers wounded and dying under their blows.

People inquire whence comes that supernatural impulse which is agitating Spain in every direction. That inspiration proceeds from the ashes of every Frenchman who has fallen under the standard of the innovating spirit; wheresoever one of our nation fell, a new soul animates the bosom of old Spain. The soul of our dead, an invisible legion, stalks like a messenger of the future upon the sierras, along the plains, and over the whole surface of the land. These dead men have awakened the living, and aroused them with an irresistible tempest. The citizen and the soldier feel themselves unexpectedly seized with the spirit of life, without knowing whence it comes; it is the blood of young France speaking and crying throughout that long road, from the Pyrenees down to the island of Leon!

If I have been clear till now, it is evident that there are in Spain two societies, everywhere face to face; you find there, at every step, and under every shape, the epoch of the Cid and that of Napoleon,—the middle ages and the nineteenth century. How are they to pass from one to the other? This is now the vital question.

Other nations, who have been born to new life, in order to cross from one shore to the other, have passed through what is called a philosophical period ; by which, they designate the sacred movement of the mind and soul in the modern world. Bacon, Descartes, Leibnitz, and we must certainly pronounce also the great name of Luther, those men, execrated in their time by mere practitioners, have been the missionaries of their nations ; they have converted the world to new life ; they have been what St. Boniface and St. Patrick had been in former times ; they have prepared the way for the WORD of the future. But Spain has not had one of these missionaries ; no one, among her offspring, has taught her the way to that spiritual liberty, to which she aspired without knowing it. You will not find in her literature a single philosophical line ; it is the ideal of what some persons demand in our time, the absolute triumph of official theology, even in her poetry. Spain wanted to be saved only by her two patronesses, the Church and Royalty ; yet, both abandoned her. And are you still surprised that a nation, left or betrayed by her natural guides, should be torn by intestine war, without finding either peace or truce ? Ah ! when the French Revolution marched forth with a firm step, she had, at least, before her eyes the standard of her philosophers.

Yet, we must not believe that Spain has nothing to do in the world, or that she can bring nothing new. Her society has a form peculiar to herself ; being cast better than any other in the mould of the Catholic dogma, this country was a sort of social trinity composed of the Church, Monarchy, and Democracy. The two first elements failed her at the same time ; the third alone escaped : thence came Anarchy. And perhaps it was not without design that Spain was gradually deprived of her gold, so that she is now become the most beggarly and naked of nations. The insolence of the rich and the jealousy of the poor cannot exist where poverty is the condition of everybody ! Social war, at least, remains unknown. Heroic and nobly-supported poverty, that may



create the glory of this country if its legislators are able to understand it! What, in fact, is poverty-struck Spain, when compared to all the other nations of present Europe, who look upon her with pity? We must give her her real name. Spain is a nation of paupers, a monarch of paupers, an empire of paupers! Let her but have the courage to accept this name, and once more she may astonish the world under a new form.

However it may be, confess it is quite time to cease for ever those declamations against the temerity of reason and the soul, the impotency of philosophy,—what more?—the ambition of novelties, that is to say, against all the inconveniences of the life of the spirit created by Christianity itself. Here is a great nation which, by your advice, renounced everything, and blindfolded herself; she followed you, without once turning aside, as long as you would; and when she awakes, the first thing she sees in the abyss, is her Church being chastised, and visibly falling to pieces under the rod of an avenging angel! And that nation turns round and round, giddy in her own blood: the sources of physical and spiritual life are both dried up; she is shut out from earth as well as from heaven; and all despair of her, except perhaps herself.

I have just said that being abandoned and left destitute by the old spiritual authority, Spain embraced the spirit of France. Once more, with their eyes shut, that people turn towards the light which animates them; they follow it, groping their way, and without discussing. There results from this a fact which, if I had needed it, would have singularly confirmed my belief: which is, that we are, not only responsible for ourselves, but, moreover, for those nations which march after us, and seek everywhere our traces. Admit that France remains in immobility: anarchy immediately begins among them; that France retreats a single step, and you trample back into an abyss, a chaos, those nations which are following you; that is to say, we cannot deny ourselves, without throwing the world into confusion.

If the impassioned leaven of reaction which is fermenting among us should pass from here to Spain, do you comprehend, do you imagine, what would take place? Among us, words are fiery and as sharp as arrows; but the softness of our manners prevents their being stained with blood. Imagine a Spanish archbishop, with four of his suffragan bishops, in a moment of fermentation, uniting to denounce, by their names, two men to the hatred of a Spanish king, and to the passions of a Spanish province; do you believe that a thing so little conformable to the habits of Christian prelates could happen without inconveniences?\*

Among us, the reaction mingled with philosophy tries to get back possession of the mind by invisible means. Do you see, in Spain, after a political counter-revolution, those monks of whom I spoke to you just now, arise from their ashes at the cry of war, and attempt, with their former fury, and like people playing their last stake, the *auto-da-fé* of the nineteenth century? Alas! I do not demand their perdition; I have sympathised with their misery. I said so to those whom I met, and I told them the truth. I do not ask that the shelter of their seclusion should be denied them; but they must bring back to it a new soul, instructed, enlarged, and purified by sorrow, not a soul of anger and vengeance. If the door be opened again, let it be to the inspiration of the future, and not to the icy hand of hardened lifeless beings who will not rise from the dead.

Whilst the Spanish clergy, still astonished at their own decline, do not find in themselves the power to move, the question is agitated for them everywhere else. The snare is set throughout the rest of Europe. See what is passing in the North: those illustrious universities of Germany no longer say one word. Even at Berlin, a kind of torpor envelops the minds of men, and becomes, in many of them, a sort of

\* In allusion to a late attack made by the Archbishop of Paris, &c. upon the author and Mr. Michelet.—C. C.

worldly politeness; at Munich, it is reckoned good taste no longer to think, and spiritual death is a courtly fashion. Where will this slumber end? Will the Germans at length understand that it is time to forget the rancour of 1815, and that everything is not bad in the tradition of our friends who died at Leipsic? If the alliance of the French mind with the English mind produced grand ideas in the eighteenth century, I certainly confess, I believed, a long time, that the alliance of Germany and France might equally honour the nineteenth. I believed that the Catholicism of Napoleon and the Reform of Luther, Descartes, and Leibnitz, were worthy to join hands from either bank of the Rhine.

I believed this holy league was the strongest rampart against the pretensions of the past, from whatever quarter they came; this opinion, good or bad, has made me more than one enemy; and yet it gives me pain to renounce it.

Once more, I make here an appeal to German thinkers and writers; let them cast aside the leaven of hatred henceforth void of grandeur. The Spaniards, who are said to be so implacable, entertain no sort of resentment against us; their land, thank God, is cloyed with our blood: and has not the soil of Germany drunk enough? In what are the Germans surpassed by the Spaniards? What is certain is, that hatred belongs to the past; alliance is the future.

There exists, very near us, a symptom of that so much desired association of the minds of several races of men, in the combat which the genius of darkness is endeavouring to bring back. I must state, and hail as an important fact, what is passing at a few paces from here, within the very walls of this College of France. The first Slavonic poet, our dear, heroic friend Mickiewitz, is, in the name of the Slavonians, contending, in his own holy language, for a cause which is very often confounded with our own. Who ever heard a more sincere, religious, Christian, or extraordinary language than that of this exile, amid the remnants of his nation, like the prophet under the willows? Alas! if the soul of the saints and mar-

tyrs of Poland be not with him, I know not where it is. But above all, who has ever spoken of our country, France, with such filial tenderness as this son of Poland? Let us return him thanks! Those men, those brothers in arms, have ever been in the vanguard of our armies; it is but just that in the movement of France, they should still wish to be in the vanguard of the future.

In fact, everybody understands instinctively that, in this last game, the question must be decided in France. The threads of the reaction all end here, because they know well, that, if this country abandoned itself, the spirit of death would pounce upon the West as upon a sure prey. Do you know what they propose to us? This, simply: our fathers made a precipitate retreat from Moscow to Leipsic, from Leipsic to Waterloo, from Waterloo to Paris; and the wound still bleeds. They propose to their sons to follow and resume the movement, to continue the retreat, but a retreat a hundred times more miserable, since, the question is to lose, in one day, all our moral territory, to abandon the spiritual frontiers, after having lost our material ones, to wind up all concessions, all routs by a last concession, one final rout; in a word, to fly in disorder even beyond the Rome of Loyola.

And I, on the contrary, declare, that the way to raise the grand standard again, is to elevate the soul, to trample the dread of spectres under our feet, to be brave in spiritual things as our fathers were in deeds of war!

That no one may be deceived, I must show, by one word, what I mean by this language; that is to say, the tendency of these lectures. I see about me divers manners of worship, all waging a furious warfare against each other, and pretending to live in a complete sequestration, and mutually excommunicating and repudiating one another. If their instinct of solitude alone was listened to, no tie existing between them, society would be dissolved. They wish each for a separate instruction, and I do not blame them for it; for each lives in a distinct world. What I attempt here, is to speak to all, to

re-ascend to that source of life which is common to all; to teach, to spell, to speak the language of that city of alliance, which, in spite of the anger of a few men, is being built up and fortified every day; for it is not true that it is built, as they say, upon indifference, but much rather upon the consciousness of the identity of spiritual life in the modern world! And weak as I am, whence comes it that I do not despair of continuing this task? In one word, for this reason, which is my whole secret:

I feel that, in this sacred work, I am profoundly in accordance with the spirit of the laws, rights, revolutions and institutions of France; and this sentiment, which I may also safely call religious, urges me on, and makes me march forward. By giving the same rights, the same name, and the same position in the city of life to the divided members of the religious family, France has displayed a more Christian sentiment than they have who continued to curse; thereby she has entered, further than any body, into the idea of the universal Church; she has found herself at last, so to speak, more Catholic than Rome. She has given up a new world to the work of the mind; and by placing myself under the banner of this idea of alliance which, deposited for ever in our country and its institutions, forms, as it were, a profession of faith, I also believe I am obeying the will of God, manifested and impressed by so many shocks upon the consciousness of a nation.

The reaction, full of hatred, though attempted everywhere, can succeed nowhere; because, being deadly to France, it is deadly to Europe, and deadly to the progress of truly religious life.

## SECOND LECTURE.

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### POLITICAL RESULTS OF CATHOLICISM IN SPAIN.

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#### SPAIN RECEIVES A TWO-FOLD EDUCATION BY CHRISTIANITY AND ULTRAMONTANISM.

MARCH 27, 1844.

I WAS armed against unjust prejudices; but not against those unexpected proofs of sympathy which I have received from you, and the half of which are addressed to Mr. Michelet, who, in my absence, has so well developed and vivified our common belief. I do not believe any man would be equal to support often such impressions; for my part, I confess, I was overwhelmed by them. It is sad for me to have only a discourse to offer in return for such enthusiastic sympathy; it is by actions I should wish to answer you. In telling you I entirely belong to you, you learn nothing but what you knew before; but if a few words, which have no other merit than sincerity, have penetrated so quickly into your minds, how easy would it not be for others, on some great occasion, to re-animate the heart of this country! Scarcely have I been able to collect, without order, without any art, the observations which will form the lecture of the day. If I consulted only my own powers, it is most certain I ought to renounce the idea of appearing to-day in this chair.

If we reflect, ever so little, on the religious situation of the Western—and particularly of the Southern nations, it is impossible not to remark the entirely new attitude of the Catholic clergy in those countries. In the middle ages, whenever the Church thought she had reason to complain of a kingdom, the idea never struck her, that she was to separate from it for ever; she threatened, and even chastised it, in order to bring it again under her power. The interdict fell, equally heavy, upon the kingdom, and upon each of the individuals who composed it; the more absolute the menace, the more visible the hope of reconciliation. They struck every part in order to re-conquer the whole. But now, as this hope is declining, they have formed thoughts which would have broken the hearts of the saints of the middle ages. It is the State itself they appear to renounce. Any intimacy with it becomes an insupportable yoke, every day they find it necessary to endeavour to break off a part of that intercourse which they had accepted with joy when they had the hope of getting back everything. By adhering to individuals, they expect to reduce the political body to a mere shadow; and if we will not be the most improvident of men, we ought to suppose the possibility of an order of things, in which the Church and State would be entirely separate, and to accept, beforehand, the defiance they hurl to us of being able to live.

Of what does their menace consist? Behold it in all its gravity. The Church is very near saying to us what she has already said to Spain: I have ties of sympathy with persons, individuals, but I have no longer any with France. Let her follow her destiny as she pleases; whether she live or die, I have withdrawn from her; I no more belong to the State, that abstract personage, that new-fashioned nationality which I no longer know. I animated that great kingdom with my breath for ages; I had become identified with it; but I am no longer mistress there; from this moment I separate from it, and envelop myself in my eternity. Let us see how that

body, which, for fifteen ages, rested upon me, will now support itself without me.

Such is, in its simple grandeur, the question impending over us, and which cannot fail, one day or other, to burst forth. Catholicism, still attached to the individuals of this kingdom, but separating herself from the eldest daughter of the Church, and abandoning her like Hagar in the desert, is a probability, nay a possibility, which we must absolutely foresee. And, thence, what follows ?

We, who do not detach ourselves so easily from that moral personage, France ; we, who take her for our patroness, who cannot desert her without an unpardonable crime ; we, who believe unanimously that there is something sacred in a nationality, and that no state can live without a divine foundation, in what situation do we find ourselves ? In the necessity of seeking whether, amid the loneliness with which we are threatened, we have still a large share of God's favour left ; whether, in that destitution which they announce to us, we shall not find a religious foundation for laws, science, art, and all the elements of modern life ; whether this Hagar, threatened to die thirsting for God, will see no fountain springing up by her side ; in one word, whether Catholicism, by withdrawing from modern States, deprives them of every religious principle of existence and duration.

Without saying more, you see what sort of questions arise before us, a hundred times more formidable than those we have hitherto met with. I shall dare handle them, not without fear (for what serious mind can handle such things without apprehension ?), but with the firmness inspired by the conviction of seeking, and appealing only to, truth. Yes, we must have the heart to enter upon these questions. Our time, necessity, the very wants of your minds, urge us towards them ; and, for my part, I shall but abandon myself to the natural course of the thoughts which have been the constant occupation of my life, and which, mostly, I used to repress in this assembly. For our adversaries are right sometimes,



and I am glad to say so: instruction and education are things which cannot be separated. We ought not to teach here only literature, history, the erudite and material tradition of humanity; we ought moreover to nourish and awaken the soul, and bring science back to that exalted source where it is one with the principle of moral life: that is what every one has the right to require of us.

In entering upon this task, I have displayed religious Spain; let us, to-day, speak of political Spain. I have been permitted to see that great country at one of those moments when all springs of action are laid bare: a drama in the government, more extraordinary than all those of Calderon; incredible discussions, which, after so many unforeseen events, have once more disconcerted Europe, and of which I did not lose a single syllable. Being a stranger to every party, I sought truth among them all; perhaps, some day, I shall attempt to relate, in a direct manner, what I saw. But divesting, in this place, both these impressions and these facts of every private circumstance, and raising them impartially to that general form which alone is suitable in this chair, here is what I think I may say of the spirit and political nature of Spain.

Catholicism left its stamp upon the Peninsula at every moment of its duration; and, as it was in the middle ages an element of liberty, and from the sixteenth century an element of reaction, it has impressed this double character upon the soul of Spain. There are, as it were, two men in every Spaniard: an Independent of the time of the *Communes*, and a subject fashioned by Philip II. From that union of independence and obedience, arise those contradictions which astonish you. The same man who yesterday was greedy of respect, is to-day greedy of obedience, if not of servitude. You think him inconsistent and of a fickle character. You must not accuse him of that; he bears within him two persons, two periods, the middle ages and the reaction of the sixteenth century; the equilibrium of the modern world has not yet been effected within him.

If anarchy be in the individual, we must not be surprised to find it also in the State; only, do not expect it to have the same character as in other countries. One of the members of the Cortes, the most decided to combat it, remarked to me at Madrid, "*Anarchy is amiable among us.*" In fact, as the reaction, for two centuries, has reduced that country to the utmost misery, anarchy may increase without disturbing any one interest. Having neither factories nor manufactories, they leave the plough to take the carbine; and, again, in harvest-time, soldiers transform themselves into agriculturists. They had pursued the enemy a long time, and fought occasionally; they return home and find nothing changed: the corn is ripe and their subsistence secure; this is the life of the middle ages; you can easily imagine that a life thus constituted may last a long time.

Moreover, it is not a war between huts and castles. There is not a single castle in Spain. I went from Bayonne to Cadiz without being able to find the least remnant of castle-keep or feudal manor. If you inquire about ruins, the people know no other but those of the Moors. The soil of Spain has not preserved a single trace of the sway of the nobility; that land, in this respect, with all its misery and nakedness, is the most dignified in Europe. Being in many parts unpeopled, without land-marks in her fields, and without either hedges, walls, or ruins, she bears upon her brow the immaculate pride of the desert.

Where are the grandees of Spain? Where is the illustrious Spanish nobility?—Nobody could tell me. Either having joined the revolution, or having been absorbed by it, they have disappeared, loyally and simply, without attempting to dissemble their ruin; they do not even endeavour, as in other countries, to survive by the privilege of *convenances*, good taste, or what we might call the conspiracy of good manners; which is generally the last refuge of a degenerate nobility. Where politeness is general, and the very manners of the people are superlatively distinguished, this last privilege does

not exist. Besides, in a country that owns eight hundred thousand nobles, everybody, as a matter of course, is of this number. This politeness, this general urbanity of the nation, indicates a spirit of equality which is the very basis of their manners. This character is so extraordinarily impressed in everything, that, in order to explain it, we must go back to the most vital events of the past in the history of Spain.

How is it that the Spanish people, who seem to be behind all others in so many respects, are more advanced in this fundamental point? This is certainly the reason. Representing, as they did, in the middle ages, the idea of Christianity against Islamism, no other nation of that time received more seriously the *living* idea of Christianity. In presence of the Koran, the Spanish people identified themselves with the Gospel; they considered themselves, in the manner of the Hebrews, as the chosen people. In the sierras of Andalusia, the mountaineers, wishing to know whether I spoke Spanish, asked me whether I *spoke Christian*,—*habla Cristiano*? During that struggle of eight centuries against Islamism, every man had been accustomed to consider himself as a champion of Christ. My guide, in order to ask a question of a goat-herd, called out to him from the top of a rock, Chevalier! *Caballero*! and the echo from a Moorish tower answered that the nobility of that man dated from the duel between Christ and Mahomet. When God himself is the subject of dispute, what becomes of the differences of fortunes and social conditions? All men are brothers upon a field of battle; but if the field be a whole country, if the battle last eight centuries, and the cause be that of Christ, around whom generations watch like sentinels, it is evident that the sentiment of equality under the banner of the Eternal, that of communion by blood, must be impressed in an indestructible manner upon the heart of that people, and become the very basis of their nature. All the gold of Mexico has been unable to change it.

This sentiment of religious brotherhood is the purest result

of the education of Spain, the one she ought most to cherish, and which she is not permitted to sacrifice, under any pretext, to any form of government : it is the mark of the finger of God in her history.

Here we arrive at one of the greatest difficulties in the establishment of the representative government in Spain. The mass of the nation has not yet *pronounced* ardently in favour of this administration ; they even showed some repugnance in the beginning. Why is that ? If they remained so strongly attached to the idea of the power of one, it was not through the mere love of despotism. No ; but with an absolute power, they see all others placed upon the same level, and, consequently, the ancient equality preserved and saved. On one side the people, on the other the absolute king, *neto* : Castilian pride is pleased with this unintermediate disposition. But, by naming deputies, senators, or representatives, do they not run the risk of inflicting upon themselves superiors, masters, and petty crownless kings ? Such is the idea which secretly haunts the country people in the Peninsula. The representative government will establish itself solidly on the other side of the Pyrenees, only by fully insuring that instinct of equality which is the produce of ages, the fruit of Christianity, the seal of Spain ; and, if this sentiment should be impaired or overthrown, if, in place of it, should arise a spirit of exclusion, the feudality of money, the privilege of I know not what class they know not how to name, that is to say, the seed of social war, I believe, with a great mass of the Spanish people, that it would be infinitely better that the representative government should never be established.

Monarchy is thus engraved in their very souls as a guarantee for evangelical brotherhood, that is to say, it is eminently popular in Spain. The people contemplate and see themselves reflected in their king ; and by stripping royalty of its illusion, many think they would dethrone themselves. This sentiment is even so strong, that I feel persuaded the Spanish monarchy can only find its dangers in itself. For a

great many, the queen is a sort of constitutional Madonna. Thence its peril, if monarchy should think it may dare attempt anything.

It is certain the Inquisition accustomed their minds to attach a sort of religious sanction to violence. They put political discussions to an end by the sword, as they formerly did discussions on theology; they shoot instead of burning; it is the consequence of the same education; nay more, we must add that the political *auto-da-fés* are, in the estimation of a certain number, a sure means of popularity. Beware, lest at length you abuse it; for the really Christian thought, perverted among you, rises up against you. What are you doing?—You are imitating the monks you have just chastised: ah! do not defile, with so much blood, that pure robe upon which the eyes of the world are fixed!

What could not a royal soul accomplish, upon that throne of Spain, if it boldly undertook the regeneration of that people? Everything would serve and support it; for it would find there none of those sinister remembrances to be met with in other countries: no Charles I., no Louis XVI., the memory of whom stalks like a ghost before their successors. The Spanish nation followed her kings in liberty, servitude, and even in crime. She pardoned even Ferdinand VII. It is by the whim of the latter that she has been agitated, by revolutions, at hazard, for the last ten years; the only example, perhaps, of a nation making a revolution in order to obey two lines of a prince's will. What more can be wanted? Distrust is intelligible elsewhere; here it would be impious.

When I heard what dumb sounds issued from the breast of that miserable crowd, and from the very bowels of the land of Spain, at the mere sight of the horses which drew along a crowned young girl, and as I followed those stifled cries that seemed to say, save me! I asked myself whether such accents are not made to awaken in a moment, even in a child, that science of doing good, which great kings have never learned

but from their subjects in peril. When, afterwards, I was anxious to know what they would do with so sacred a power, drawn from the identity of the people and monarchy, I was answered: We will make an administration such as is made elsewhere; that is what we want. No doubt; but to succeed, you must still do something more. To pretend that all your efforts ought to end in giving physical nourishment to that crowd, accustomed to go without it for centuries, is to make a sad mistake.

That nation has ever had grand occupations, high aims; now, the defence of Christianity, and now, the administration of the New World. Since those occupations are gone, she languishes with disgust. You must find for her, in yourselves, a new order of thoughts, a new moral world, without which all the combinations accompanied by murder to establish physical order, will ever remain fruitless. This is why the people rush forward to meet you. In their inarticulate acclamations which pursue your steps, they do not ask you only for administrators, prefects, clerks, or patrols; they ask you for whatever is now wanting—honour, truth, equity, loyalty, a remnant of ancient Spanish grandeur, and social life, of which they believe you still to be the source.

But all that is difficult to recover, say you. I own it is! I began by supposing a Royal soul in power.

To these symptoms of new life in Spain, we must add the aspect of the political assemblies; it is too commonly believed that the Castilian nation has been buried under their new Charter, and that the national character has found no opportunity of re-appearing. The first thing you remark in the Cortes, in attending to the debate, is that speech is an aim in itself. That language had been so long fettered by the bonds of a dumb government, that it is even happiness itself for Spanish ears to catch the sound, to hear it in public, to try it, at every tone, in the practice of modern things. Ah! what would not Italy give, if she could only, with no other liberty but this, feast herself one day in

public with the energetic forms of her political language of the middle ages!

This liberty of speech, independent of the passions it expresses, is already a conquest for these Southern people, condemned, ever since Philip II., to the silence of the cloister.

When a great question is debated, one may say that the general temper of Spanish eloquence is a menacing calm,—something freezing, which suddenly ends in fiery accents, a hoarse, African intonation, words of *lava*, flowing on slowly, and enveloping the assembly. The contrast between that chilling tone and those tropical flashes of lightning, is singularly powerful; it is the character of the Spanish tragedy and drama. The auditory resemble the orator.

I know not how it is, that the observation I am about to make, is to be met with in no traveller; it is however impossible not to be struck with this fact. Whatever be the vehemence of a debate, or the frenzy of the orator, he is never interrupted by any murmur from his colleagues, or by any one sign of sympathy or aversion.

I have been present at warlike discussions where there was, not only a question of life or death, but of a duel between royalty and one man; frenzy, fury and menaces were at the bottom of every heart around me; for a whole week, one party beset and provoked their opponents, with cold, bitter invectives. All that time, the other half of the assembly, those men, whose political life was thus being tortured to the death, did not allow a single syllable to escape them. They remained as silent as marble statues. Those whose coolness began to waver, were contented to retire quietly from the hall. You would have fancied them to be resigned or indifferent; they were, on the contrary, at the very extremity of agony. This impassibility lasted till the moment when the greatest orator of Spain, rising in their name, and gathering and storing up all those passions, all those pent-up cries, hurled upon that assembly, for two whole days, the thunders of a speech which still burns in my memory.

O accents of old Castilian loyalty ! O chivalrous passion of honour and truth ! O breath of Africa in a Christian soul ! Disorder, majesty, and harmony, all met together ! In other places I had heard orators, but here I found a man, a heart, rending itself, and crying. That man, whom I do not know, is, at this moment, hiding his head in some mountain pass of Spain ; excuse me for not being able to refrain from paying him the tribute of a few words ; all I may now do, is not to pronounce his name.\*

The Spanish character, which is thus stamped upon parliamentary eloquence, is marked with a no less energetical manner in the very mode of deliberation : *voting*. Everywhere else, the secrecy of voting has been considered as a guarantee for the freedom of opinions ; people want to be free, but in mystery, on condition that nobody knows it. The noble pride of a Spaniard could not be abased to such an accommodation ; the most solemn publicity, on the contrary, is given there to the opinion of every man. Even on those occasions when menaces and fury raise a tempest in the air, each, at the moment of voting, rises, and pronounces his vote with a loud voice, adding only the monosyllable *Yes* or *No*, *Si* or *No*. The first time I saw, in the most perilous circumstances, and amid the deadly clamours of the tribune, each of these men, with his head erect, publish his opinion so bravely, that sight filled me with sympathy and respect. Really there was something grand in it, which brought to mind the noble pride of the old Cortes of the middle ages. What is excellent is, that the idea never seems to strike anybody that it is possible for the vote to be influenced by fear. They neither understand that it may become a peril for the future, nor that it can be otherwise.

These outward tokens are important ; they show how these men take in earnest the apprenticeship of modern life ; besides, they are little inquisitive about what may be thought

\* I may here : it is Don Maria Joachim Lopez.



of them abroad, as too many passions engross their attention at home.

The melancholy of some of these men is visible. What is the result of so many efforts, so many desperate battles, and so much bloodshed! Many are disgusted with liberty, rights, and justice, and, according to custom, cast themselves back in despair into their old servitude; but, I warn them, they cannot sleep long upon that pillow. Absolute power alternately tempts and deceives the world in Spain; it is an old inheritance coveted by everybody, and which exists no longer: there, freedom seems, at the same time, both too weak to be constituted, and too strong to accept the peace of despotism.

This nation is mistaken in thinking ancient equality will be found again in a common servitude; that was the brotherhood of death, and they must show a living fraternity to the world, if they are again to do anything. The Spaniards are too much accustomed to think that they work and suffer for themselves alone. Since they broke off all connection with their past, they seem to look upon themselves as insulated from universal life. This spirit of loneliness deprives them of half their strength. These men have often been found too proud; I have often found them too modest. I would kindle in this nation the belief that the issue of their debates is intimately connected with the destiny of others, and that they have, like all others, a mission in the actual world.

Fundamentally, the indifference of the masses for political questions proceeds from an admirable source. These people after having been so long charged with the affairs and wars of God, find much difficulty in interesting themselves about anything but God.

This contempt for human politics, compared with the secrets of sacred policy, is, in the peasant of Biscay and Asturia, almost sublimely dignified. It is from the top of the victorious cross that he looks in pity upon constitutional quarrels. If, therefore, you would engage the masses in the

movement of these times, you must absolutely make them feel that the God of the Gospel is present in the questions of the nineteenth century, and that Spain has a place in the plan and sacred policy of modern times. The way of salvation for this people, is to reconcile them with themselves. Upon what ideas, in fact, does intellectual Spain exist? Upon those which were developed by everybody in France twenty years ago. Those ideas, good in themselves, but deficient in a certain religious spirit, have been greedily devoured on the other side of the Pyrenees; and those minds having arrived in a moment at the end of their system, and falling into emptiness, are convulsively agitated in passion.

What then must be done? What the whole age advises; restore the sentiment of what is grand and divine to political science. For, I affirm that before God alone will Spain halt in her path of blood.

It must be proved to them that the cause of the nineteenth century, the movement which agitates it, and the renewing of rights, form the old cause of God; that there is still and always was a Mahometanism to combat in the world, not that of the Koran, but the principle of inert fatalism, wherever it may exist; that the religious inspiration passes into the forms of new society; that, in one word, if Europe, if Spain in particular, is dragged towards the future, it is once more because *it is the will of God!* Let this be once fixed in their minds, and, though perhaps they may still fall through weariness, they will never again be discouraged, ramble at hazard, deny themselves by innumerable contradictions, or shoot one another whenever they come to a misunderstanding. Yes, Spain must, without looking back any longer, re-echo, in political science, the old motto of her crusaders: *It is the will of God! It is the will of God!*

A single word pronounced in this sense, in the name of science and philosophy, would be more efficacious upon the mind of Spain than all the conspiracies and all the

diplomacy in the world. Let the powerful speak the word. For our part, let us work at least in this idea. We are accused of being incredulous. Alas! the incredulous are those who despair of life, and deny the possibility of any progressive movement in the future; that is to say, who do not see the finger of Christian Providence in modern things.

## THIRD LECTURE.

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### THE ROMAN CHURCH AND THE STATE.

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#### THE COUNCIL OF TRENT. CAN THE STATE BE ATHEISTICAL?

APRIL 24, 1844.

IN 1606, Pope Paul V. cast an interdict upon the republic of Venice. What had she done? She had claimed for the State the rights which France has conquered, and that are now no longer contested but in secret. In spite of the excommunication, the clergy of Venice—truly national—remained faithful to the republic; they continued to perform worship as if nothing had happened. The Jesuits alone deserted; they passed over to the enemy.

From the corner of a convent, Sarpi, a poor monk of genius, a physician, naturalist, and remarkably fine writer, defends the republic by admirable pleading against the temporal usurpation of papacy. One evening, returning home to the convent, he was waylaid and assaulted by four assassins, who went afterwards and took refuge with the apostolic nuncio. Having recovered from his wounds, the monk hung up on the wall of his cell, over a skull, the weapon of these *bravi*, that he had plucked from his wound, with this inscription: *Dagger from Rome*. His revenge was to write, in the seventeenth century, with the boldness of the

eighteenth, the History of the Council of Trent. That splendid monument of vigour and reason marked the last effort of the democratic Church in the South. Sarpi did, in religion, what Campanella and Bruno did in philosophy; he uttered, like them, the last cry of independence in Italy.

Here we are entering upon a new order of ideas: we must descend to the bottom of the gravest question, that of the connection of the Church with the State. We are forcibly led to it by our subject, since the first thing we meet with on the very threshold of the two last centuries, is the Council of Trent, which, related in two opposite senses by the monk, the freethinker, Sarpi, and by the Jesuit Pallavicini, belongs doubly to the genius of Southern Europe, whose destiny it still partly governs. This council, the last of all, was the answer of the theology of the South to the Reform of Luther and the Northern nations. If we consider only the interests connected with it, its historian was justified in calling it the *Iliad* of modern times. Let us confine ourselves to consider it in its relations with the constitution of the Church. Our subject is still but too vast; from Jesuitism we now pass to Ultramontanism.

In a human point of view, what first marks the grandeur of the Church, is that, as long as it flourished, her government was the ideal towards which political governments had never ceased to gravitate. It is certain that, till the French Revolution, the civil world modelled itself upon the forms of that spiritual society; you might find the spirit of monarchical revolutions by following the intestine revolutions of papacy and the councils.

Nothing assuredly is more extraordinary than the spectacle of those councils, those assemblies composed of all sorts of nations, and which, perpetually changing places, summoning God to their bar from age to age, gave, every time, a new impulse to the world. What are, in comparison to them, the deliberating assemblies of our days? Votes were counted by nations, and the business of the majority was truly the affair

of the universe. Whether Arius, Origen or Pelasgus gained the day in these questions of voting, all the succession of ages was altered; for a profound logic connected each of these Constituent Assemblies of Christianity to the other. They not only continue, but develop each other; forming all together an organization that lives and moves onward from age to age. First, the Council of Nice, in the beginning of the fourth century, lays down, as a foundation to support all the rest, the idea of God; then, according to the order of time, come the deliberations upon the Scriptures, the canonical books, the ceremonies and the hierarchy: and this discussion lasts sixteen centuries.

In this space of time, as long as the Church was developed she is reflected in the corresponding forms of the political world. See and compare! When the bishop is named by the acclamation of the people, the king of infant society is elected in the same manner; the people raise him upon the shield. Later, the bishops form among themselves a sort of feudal republic, the image and type of the feudality of the barons. They of Paris say to the Pope, who begins to grow strong: "*If he comes to excommunicate us, we will excommunicate him: Si excommunicaturus venit, excommunicatus abibit.*" Is not this, feature for feature, the situation of royalty in its swaddling-clothes, still enveloped by the power of the lords? Gregory VII. and his successors, supported by the herd of mendicant orders, repress and humble the bishops; they found the spiritual monarchy. Is not this the signal, in all Christian Europe, for the temporal monarchy to follow the same road? Louis-le-Gros and Philip Augustus are so many shadows who walk in imitation of the popes of the preceding centuries.

The fifteenth century arrives: the schism of the West bursts forth; papacy has many heads, that is to say, the schism is in the State as it is in the Church. Must we not say as much of royalty, when there are two kings in France, one French, the other English? The councils of Bâle and

Constance revolt: it is also the moment of the explosion of the *Communes* in France, the Cortes in Spain, and the Parliaments in England. The Council deposes the pope,—the State deposes the emperor and two kings. Up to this moment, what more is wanted? Has not the temporal world obeyed the slightest impulse of the spiritual? Obedience on the part of the State preceded the command, the word of the Church. The latter had only to move a thread, to turn, in whatever direction she pleased, the whole Christian society. The resemblance between the religious and the political constitution produced that accord in society which gives a peculiar beauty to the middle ages; but how long will this agreement last? Follow my idea one moment longer, I pray you; we approach the Council of Trent.

What was the spirit of that great assembly? This is what I must examine in a few words. It was, as is well known, a spirit of restoration, reaction, and a religious counter-revolution. In face of Reform triumphant in the North, the Church, who, a few years previously, had been carried away by the genius of innovation, concentrates herself in the Holy See as in a fortress.

One century before, papacy had uttered, in the Council of Florence, one of those exulting cries which make the world leap for joy: Rejoice, and be glad, *jubilare, exultare*, all you who bear the name of Christians, *omnes qui ubique nomine censemini Cristiano*. What was then the grand news which Rome thus announced to the earth? Good news, indeed, if it had been confirmed: it was that the East was joining the West, that the priests of Asia, the patriarchs, the Greek bishops, and the monks of Mount Athos, were coming out of the separate Church, and were arriving by all sorts of roads, at Florence, to be reconciled, in the city of the arts, with the Roman unity. A new alliance of Greece and Italy, not only in the festivals of art, but in those of worship. Italy decked herself out in all her pomp, and strewed upon the roads her fairest flowers, to welcome this elder sister, who arrived, as a

pilgrim, from the ruins and cloisters of Athens, Trebizond, and Constantinople.

It was thought that the ancient division was about to disappear; they believed themselves obliged to use an unwonted urbanity towards those schismatics, the descendants of Pericles. Italy and Greece united! What a miracle! But the hope lasted only a moment; the rites of Athens would not yield to those of Rome; they parted, never again to meet; and this hope deceived, excited in the Western Church a spirit of distrust, which plainly appeared in the following century.

If you compare to the Council of Florence, that of Trent, you perceive that the more hope there was in the former of reconciliation with the East, the less there remained in the latter of any alliance with the North. How quickly was Italy undeceived! She had promises for Greece;—she has but curses for Germany!

Consequently, instead of inviting, as in the past, all the earth to judge between Luther and Rome, papacy, in this last affair, confides fully but in one people. The Council of Trent has not, like its predecessors, its roots in all nations; it does not assemble about it the representatives of all Christendom; it leans in full security upon none but the people whom papacy had invested on every side. Instead of that innumerable crowd of theologians, doctors, and people, (*omni plebe adstante* is the formula of the ancient councils,) whom they had known how to attract in preceding periods, how was that illustrious assembly of Trent really composed? A hundred and eighty-seven Italian prelates, thirty-two Spanish, twenty-six French, and two German; such are then the mandatories of the Christian universe. The East and the North are almost equally wanting; and this is why the king of France refused it the title of council. Moreover, the mode of deliberation was changed; in preceding councils they voted by nations in a body; every people that had a language proper to them, counting as one per-



son. Whereas, in the Council of Trent, they voted individually, one by one, which insured, for ever, and upon every point, a majority for Italy.

Are you not struck here with the extraordinary feature of this position of things? The Holy See has ever continued to increase at the expense of the political existence of Italy; by the force of circumstances, it prevented her from marching like all the other nations of Europe towards a unity which, alone, could save her. It suspended in that country the breath of civil life, prevented the political State from developing itself and lasting, and absorbed all the vital powers of Italy; being stripped and laid bare by everybody, the Lombard league, Pisa, Florence, and Venice, those centres of political organization, disappear, each in her turn; the temporal world is blotted out; it vanishes before the spiritual.

When this great work was accomplished, and there no longer remained anywhere a single trace of movement in the civil world; when, in the sixteenth century, Italy—effaced from the political map—disappeared from the region of time to enter upon the road of eternal ruin,—at that very moment papacy said to her: ‘You are dead, but I will make you reign; you have been sacrificed to me, but I will give you a triumph over the world. I have absorbed all your rights, all your life, all your future; nothing subsists any longer in you but myself; you have entirely consumed yourself for me: and now, in my reign, it is you who shall govern; for I will make of the whole earth an Italy like yourself, though wanting your sun and your beauty. Your thoughts of death, which arise amid your *maremmas* and desert cities, shall be imposed by me upon the world; and there shall be, as in you, an awful silence; you shall recognise and find yourself everywhere, and everybody shall envy you your funeral crown. The temporal power shall, as in you, grow pale everywhere before the spiritual; and grass shall overgrow the civil world, as it does the country about Rome.’ That is what is called modern Ultramontanism.

This was an absolute domination of the Italian spirit, such as modern times made it, and which occasioned such an outburst of protestations in the Council, on the part of the French, Spaniards and Germans. Life struggled against this declaration of death. The French ambassadors retired from the Council to Venice; this step was approved of by their government, and, later, by the Commons (*Tiers-Etat*) of 1614. The Spanish bishops with the noble pride of hidalgos exclaimed at this usurpation. They were near telling the Pope what the Cortes said to the King, "*We who are worth as much as you;—*" but the anathema interrupted them; "Let them go!" *exeant!* replied the majority of the Italian prelates. Laynez, the Jesuit, became the soul of the Council, and the reaction against the North prevailing above every other thought, the organization of the Church assumed a new form.

In the middle ages, Gregory VII., Boniface VIII., and Innocent III., had arrogated to themselves supreme authority; they found that power in themselves, in their personal characters; and all the fifteenth century showed, by the revolt of the councils, that this condition had not become the law of the Church. The spirit of the Council of Trent was to give its full and entire sanction to the idea,—that certain popes of the middle ages had established,—of their pre-eminence over the œcumenical assemblies. Thence, what had been the effect of a particular genius, became the very constitution of the Church. To paralyse the aristocracy of the bishops by the democracy of the mendicant orders, and the mendicant orders by the pretorian institution of Jesuitism,—was, partly, the secret of this policy. The address consisted in making this change, without anywhere speaking of it; the Church, which was before, rightfully, a monarchy tempered by assemblies convoked from all the earth, became an absolute monarchy. From that moment the ecclesiastical world is silent! The meeting of councils is closed; no more discussions, no more solemn deliberations. Every thing is

regulated by letters, bulls, and ordinances. Popedom usurps all Christendom. The book of life is shut; for three centuries, not one page has been added.

What is important for us, is to see how this new form of the Church was almost immediately re-produced in the Southern political institutions. Once more, but for the last time, the State regulated itself by the Church. Philip II. was the first who applied, in all its rigour, to the temporal, this new phasis of the spiritual world. We shall never be able to understand anything of his genius, if we have not before our eyes the ideal of absolute power which the Church has just displayed to the world. Throughout his long career, Philip II. does nothing else but apply to business the spirit of the Council of Trent. He becomes the temporal pope, from whom every authority emanates, and to whom everything re-ascends. No more Cortes, no more Parliaments, no longer anything which might bring to mind the movement, and the life of speech in the middle ages. From his vault in the Escorial, without making a single step, he directs in silence that vast empire of Spain and the Indies, just as the pope sways the spiritual empire, from the bottom of the Vatican.

The Council was full of threats; the State abounds with stakes and scaffolds. The last words pronounced by the prelates at their separation were, Anathema! And Anathema is re-echoed during two centuries of political Inquisition. All Catholic Europe, Austria, Piedmont, the Duchy of Tuscany, Naples, even France, are regulated, in their constitutions, upon this sacred model. The pope said, the Church is myself; the king of France answers, the State is myself. Society is regulated by ordinances, and popedom by bulls. The ancient accord of the two powers is thus preserved to the end. Whether it confess or deny it, the temporal power conforms once more to the spiritual; and the unity of society is saved, thanks to the same servitude.

It is for this reason Pius IV. declared that papacy, from

the sixteenth century, could be maintained only by uniting itself in an indissoluble manner with the princes.

What came to derange this beautiful order? What destroyed this learned unity? The French Revolution, which overthrew the public law, founded—in principles—throughout Catholic countries, upon the Council of Trent; by this, we may calculate the meaning and the value of that revolution. For the first time, since popedom exists, the temporal world changes, without being actuated by a corresponding movement of the Church. From the Council of Trent down to 1789, the form of law in Catholic Europe had remained unaltered. The State waited, for two centuries, for the Church to make a step first; but she remained petrified like Lot's wife. Then France, doing a religious and secular work at the same time, hastens forth alone, at her risk and peril, into that future where she has no other guide but herself. She realizes governments of free discussions, whereas the ideal which continues to hover over Rome clings more and more to absolute monarchy.

What is this but a proof that France is not the assembly of the twenty-four old men of the apocalypse, but a being full of life, who, in this inspired movement towards the future, leaves far behind her her accustomed guide, the Church. The ideal which had obstinately refused to develop itself, was outstripped by reality; this is the meaning of whatever you see anomalous and monstrous in the present relations between the Church and the State.

All these relations are reversed; it is now the world of the laity that drags the spiritual world after it; and the questions with which you are occupied are, fundamentally, still more profound than they seem; since, in fact, in order to recover harmony in the law, either the Church must bring the State back to her principle of absolute power, or the State carry the Church away into that movement of liberty, which is the soul of the modern world.

But, when the question is thus put by the very nature of

things, and they wish to avoid it, they pronounce a word, a formidable word, which has the magic power of paralysing the heart: the modern State is atheistical; the law atheistical; and France, inasmuch as she is France, is an atheist! At these words, the most haughty minds are abashed; many accept this condemnation in silence, and their adversaries imagine they have blasted for ever the spirit of modern revolutions and institutions. In fact, the whole question is there.

Alas! when I know of no atheistical institutions in the world but those of wandering gipsies, without either home or country under heaven, is it indeed true that such is entirely the spirit of ours? That, indeed, would be a hopeless policy, a lawless law, a day without a morrow. They believe they are thus smiting the future with civil death. How now! let us speak quietly.

When, in ancient France, violence existed in morals and the law, when privilege, social inequalities, the servitude of lands and men, in a word, when everything that Christ reproves formed the very basis of civil life, you called that a Christian kingdom! When brutal force reigned in the place of the soul, when the sword decided everything, when the Inquisition, the massacre of St. Bartholomew, torture, borrowed from pagan law, the caprice of one man, that is to say, when pagan society still continued and governed, you called that a very Christian kingdom! And, on the contrary, ever since brotherhood and equality, inscribed in the law, tend more and more to descend into reality, ever since the mind has been acknowledged to be stronger than the sword or the executioner, ever since slavery and bondage have ceased or people have been endeavouring to abolish what remains, ever since individual liberty, being consecrated, has become the right of every immortal soul, ever since those whose fathers massacred one another have ever shaken hands, that is to say, since the Christian thought, doubtless yet too weak, has gradually penetrated into institutions, and is becoming as it were

the substance and alimant of modern law, you call that an atheistical kingdom!

What is it then you understand by religion? And what then is your Christ? Is it a word or a living reality? If it be a word, you may, indeed, be able at pleasure to fix it to a determined period of the past, like the name of the king of the Jews at the top of the Cross. If it be a reality, we must know how to find it in what is, and not alone in what is no more.

You seek Christ in the sepulchre of the past; but Christ has quitted his sepulchre; he has walked forth and changed his place; he is incarnate, he lives, and descends into the modern world. Ah! you who think to hurl, with one word, an excommunication upon France, I know your great misfortune, and will tell it you: you seek your God where he is no longer; and either you do not know where he is, or wish no longer to see him. The Council of Trent had intended for its first aim, to abolish Protestantism and extirpate the dissenters. By fire and sword, they were able to succeed in Spain and Italy. Some persons of very unbiassed minds think it a matter of regret for social unity that the case was not the same in France; they believe that one religion would have given this country more consistency. I am persuaded, on the contrary, that it was a favour of heaven, for us, that we escaped from that spirit of seclusion which divided the sixteenth century. It was not without the will of Heaven that our brethren the protestants of France escaped so many snares, murders, banishments and massacres. The sword was impotent against them because they were necessary for the work and the future of all.

If France had remained entirely Catholic, she would have fallen irrevocably into the form of Spain; on the other hand, had she been wholly Protestant, perhaps she would have been satisfied with acting England over again, which is another extremity. But embracing, at the same time, both these religions, these two forms of Christendom, her spirit

has been forced to expand; she has been obliged to rise to a superior understanding of law, and to enlarge her Church sufficiently to allow all humanity at length to enter it. For, she was to serve as a mediatrix between the North and the South, Rome and Geneva, the Latin people and the Germanic nations; and as all the traditions of the truly universal Church flowed into her bosom by Catholicism and Protestantism, she was necessarily to serve as a focus for the explosion of the new spirit.

On entering into this idea, I was happy to see that one of the men whose intelligence I revere the most, Leibnitz, had had the same conviction before me. I must here recite his memorable words, which are a sort of prophecy; they are quoted from his correspondence with Bossuet upon the project of union between the Catholics and Protestants.

“The obstacle which the Council of Trent presents to the union,” says that great man, “being duly weighed, it will be thought, perhaps, that it is by the secret direction of Providence that the authority of the Council of Trent is not yet sufficiently acknowledged in France; in order that the French nation, which has preserved a medium between the Protestants and Ultra-Romanists, may be more in a state to work, some day or other, for the deliverance of the Church, as well as for the reintegration of unity.”

I read, a little further: “God wished that the victory should not be entire, that the genius of the French nation might not be quite suppressed.”

As if he was not yet quite clear enough, he returns to his presentiments with fresh energy.

“I have said, and I say so again, it seems as though God did not wish it should be otherwise, in order that the kingdom of France might preserve liberty, and remain in a state to contribute better to the re-establishment of ecclesiastical unity, by a more suitable and better authorized council.”

What power in this obstinate faith in the mission of our country! The hope which that great man put in France has

not been deceived. Whatever be the violence of those who dispute possession of her, she will not fall into the extremes of sects; she has taken her position in the very heart of humanity, and there she is inexpugnable. In fact, I will suppose, for a moment, a thing which often engages the attention of serious minds, that the menaces which arrive at intervals from England and the North, are realized; that a new race, the Slavonic nation, urged on by Russia, is agitated in her turn, and would have her day; in a word, that some conflagration is impending; or lastly, simply, that peace will not be perpetual: do you believe that, to be prepared to meet this new situation, it would be sufficient for us to raise the exclusive banner of the Council of Trent and the Invincible Armada?

Do you believe that, by so doing, we should at least drag after us and in our alliance the nations of the South? But those nations pretend, with reason, to represent more faithfully than ourselves the spirit of that council; they would follow us only when we showed them a greater and more universal standard. On another hand, in order to disarm the North beforehand, the surest way is to oppose to it partly its own spirit, exalted, so to speak, to a higher power.

What composed, in antiquity, the strength of the Roman State, was its having called and evoked to itself all the gods of the ancient universe, who thus became the guarantees of its safety. In like manner, if ever the day of danger arrive, if the morning of the last battle dawns, it is necessary that, in the Christian alliance, every nation of the South and North, whether of the Latin or Germanic communion, should see and recognize in France their banner and thought; there must not be in all humanity a single right that has not here its safeguard, not one immortal thought that has not here its refuge, not one conquest of civilization that is not here guaranteed; it must be, that in violating this country they violate all the others; to be frank, as all the pagan universe



was interested in the safety of the Roman State, so all the Christian universe must be interested in the safety of France.

This idea will be found fault with, falsified, and slandered; no matter; my conviction is, that it is true: if I be condemned, Leibnitz will be so too.

All I have just said may be resumed thus: as long as the State was barbarous and half pagan, it underwent, as a matter of right, the absolute supremacy of the Church; this is the first period of our history, personified by the sacerdotal race of the Carlovingians. When the State became Christian, like the Church, it perceived that it had, like her, the divine right of existence and duration. Its dependency on the spiritual ceased; the struggle began; a period swayed by Saint Louis, and which lasts till the *renaissance*. When the State rose to an idea more universal than Rome, it sought reciprocally to absorb the Church; that is the spirit which distinguishes the *Concordat* of Napoleon from the ecclesiastical laws of Charlemagne.

This revolution is personified, in some manner, in the consecration of these two emperors. Charlemagne feels himself attracted by a power that surmounts his own: he traverses his empire, and goes to Rome to fall upon his knees before the spiritual authority. In the nineteenth century, on the contrary, papacy is moved on its throne; and drawn along by a superior power, it comes to salute, in the cathedral of Paris, that world of the laity, that unknown power, that new period, that future, which another divine right had raised from the earth.

Fundamentally, no two things resemble each other less than the Ultramontanism of the middle ages and the Ultramontanism of the modern world. The former urged to action. It was like a grand command for a march impressed upon humanity. The respect of nations, the wars against the Infidels, and the Crusades! What aliment offered to the spirit of the world! Sacred policy had its heroism.

But, for two centuries and a half, who has heard, on any

occasion, a formal order for one great enterprise proceed from the same places? I have approached as near as I could to those holy walls; but, in an age when everybody is in expectation, and wanting a guide, I have not seen issue from the gates of the Vatican, those messengers of sacred policy who ought (considering the age we live in) to be carrying in every road, the solution and the command of God. And they are astonished that we do not submit blindly, that we seek an outlet elsewhere, when no order, no formal impulse, comes any longer from that quarter!

They call that wickedness and ill-will. No; it is the necessity of moving and being; it is also, much rather, the desire of provoking them to live who treat us as enemies.

Why is it, that ever since the last sessions of Trent, that is to say, nearly three centuries, we see no more councils? Why this mortal silence, when it is notorious to all that that great assembly left (which had not been seen before) a crowd of questions about the dogma unanswered? The prelates, on separating, expected they should soon meet again in another assembly; but their adieu has been eternal; and yet are difficulties wanting in the world? Or is it that solutions are wanting for the difficulties?

The latter have but increased ever since they believed they had settled them; for, this is the contradiction I meet with. If I consider the Church at her own point of sight, the Latin, Germanic, Greek and Slavonic nations are now more separated, and more opinionated, than ever, each in her own solitude, since she herself seems to despair of being able to unite them. If, on the contrary, I look at temporal society, these same nations hold together, mingle and grow ever more friendly; they are on the point of forming among themselves a great civil communion. If the Church means an assembly in the name of one and the same thought, it is visible that all nations tend more and more to enter into one same universal Church; the world of the laity thus realizes the great work which the spiritual power seems to renounce.

Shall we ever see the council expected by Leibnitz, in which, all creeds being represented, nations will vote for themselves? When, before our eyes, the hostile orders, Dominicans, Franciscans, after having excommunicated each other for whole centuries, re-unite, is this a sign that the different religions will at length understand one another and be restored to their primitive unity? What is certain is, that though the Church does not convoke the council of alliance, the God of history convokes it himself every day; for history is a council perpetually assembled, and truly œcumenical, in which every nation is called, at her proper hour, to discuss, deliberate, and vote. There nobody appears by ambassador; but each speaks and pronounces in her own name. They are no longer doctors, but nations full of life, and urged on by Providence, that are now deliberating. No assembly can ultimately prevail against this assembly of ages; and it is in vain that they speak elsewhere of excommunications and anathemas, if this assembly, on the contrary, speak only of alliance and reconciliation.

The vital creeds of the human race have indubitably a fund of unity, which the warfare of the intellect and the passion of sects may conceal for a time, but which cannot fail to burst out at last. Happy the people who were the first to have any consciousness of it in their revolutions and their laws.

They hope, but in vain, by one final stratagem, to divide us, by separating what they term the sons of the Crusaders from the sons of Voltaire; none of us in this country admit this puerile distinction and this family pre-eminence. The nobility of us all is of the same date, we are all of us the sons of Crusaders. Only, other days have come; the Crusades of the middle ages are ended; those who would try that road again, find only death at the end of their journey.

## FOURTH LECTURE.

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### THE ROMAN CHURCH AND SCIENCE.

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GALILEO.

MAY 7, 1844.

THE Church, which at first contained all the elements of social life, becomes gradually unpeopled as we emerge from the middle ages. At every period of modern times, an institution, or some one element of life, is detached from it. First, the State leaves it, and becomes secular; next, art, which becomes Greek or Roman; then, individual liberty, which is identified with Protestantism. At length, every schism is summed up in the greatest and most irreconcilable of all, the schism of Science and the Church, to which we are now led by our thoughts and the name of Galileo.

I thus see in every century a multitude leaving the sanctuary under a particular banner. But these processions, which open the gates of their own accord, after having communicated with the secular world, return no more to the ecclesiastical enclosure. In vain they are expected back; they never re-appear. The sanctuary becomes ever more solitary; even words change their meaning: the Church, which formerly comprehended all Christian humanity, signifies, at last, merely the body of the clergy.

At the time to which we are now come, the Inquisition

has stifled every appearance of movement in the South. The executioner has just cut out the tongue of Vanini; Giordano Bruno and Dominis have been burnt at the stake. As Italy is obliged to renounce theories, ideas, and systems, what now remains for her? You answer: experiments, facts, reality, and, what is invincible for man, mathematics. Well then, experiments and mathematics are about to be proscribed, physics condemned, geometry excommunicated, in order that it may be well demonstrated that if Italy stands still, if she ceases to produce, it is because every issue is shut, and that it is her very life that they condemn in her.

At the same time, Providence is going to make use of a great man to prepare the most extraordinary snare for papacy; Roman infallibility will find itself compromised by something still more infallible; all the world will see the priest run foul of the wisdom of God.

The day Michael Angelo died, Galileo came into the world. He continues that dynasty of great men who had begun by Dante. He is for the science of the moderns what Dante was for their poetry.

The first thing that strikes me in him, is, that, pursuing his investigations as he did in every part of the physical universe, you discover in the multitude of his experiments the spirit of a vast system, a great body of ideas, which are never entirely exposed, but which are often revealed by one word, and make themselves felt in each of his works; he himself boasted of having employed more years at philosophy than months at mathematics. What was that idea, that soul concealed in his works? The violence practised against the mind by the Roman Church, the example of so many useless burnings, forced him to conceal the best part of himself; he has shown us only the outward body of his science. I wish somebody would take upon himself to search into the secret confidence that escaped here and there from that great man, into some hidden, splendid fragments, to find what was the secret Demon of this Socrates of the modern world.

For, do not believe that chance alone guided him in his discoveries. His fundamental maxim, that we cannot teach truth to another, that we can only help him to find it within himself, this single maxim, the foundation of his method, is an entire philosophy; it would suffice to separate him, by a gulf, from the purely sensualist schools. If we pursued the study which I can only indicate in this place, we should find that Galileo belongs to the most comprehensive schools of Pythagorean antiquity; there was not among the new thinkers, the Cesalpinis and Sarpis, any bold thought that he had not embraced.

From those heights of philosophy, as from the summit of the tower of Pisa, he presided over experiments and facts. But being forbidden the moral world, he was reduced to enlarge the physical one.

Who knows even whether this necessity of compressing himself in one direction, has not in another added to his natural strength? They have often compared Bacon to Galileo; I find only differences between them. The former shows very ingeniously the road we must take to arrive at truth; but, as soon as he has made a step to find it, he wanders from it. He traces wonderful theories to discover the unknown; but he cannot seize it. In Galileo, on the contrary, no lessons, but much reality. In him, everything is life, discovery, and creation. He does not say how we must find; he finds. The difference between these two geniuses is that between a man making good poetics, and another making a fine poem.

Galileo treats science as Raphael treats art. He acts; he enlarges the universe; he creates; he does not discuss.

In this point of view, Galileo resembles much rather his friend Kepler; they both pursue the same order of truths; only, science appears in the German Kepler with all the enthusiasm of the apostle. Before resolving a problem, he exclaims: I give myself up to the sacred fury: *lubet indulgere sacro furori*. He intersperses his formulas with prayers,

canticles, and psalms. In this geometrician of Prague, you perceive something of the fire of John Huss and Jerome of Prague. He leaps for joy in the bosom of mathematical truth, as if he had been struck by the burning rays of revelation.

You know the words, at once so holy and noble, with which he opens his treatise upon the revolutions of the celestial bodies: "I choose to insult mortals by an ingenuous confession. The die is cast; I write a book which will be read either by contemporaries or by posterity! no matter! Let it wait for its reader a hundred years, if necessary, since God himself has waited six thousand years for a witness of his works." This is the conviction of the true geometrician with the fervour of the believer.

One great error is to think that enthusiasm is irreconcilable with mathematical truths; the contrary is much nearer being the fact. I am persuaded that many a problem of calculation or analysis of Kepler, Galileo, Newton, and Euler, and the solution of many an equation, suppose as much intuition and inspiration as the finest ode of Pindar. Those pure and incorruptible formulas which already were before the world was, that will be after it, governing throughout all time and space, being, as it were, an integral part of God, and those sacred formulas which will survive the ruin of the universe, put the mathematician, who is worthy of that name, in profound communion with the divine thought. In those immutable truths, he savours what is purest in the creation: he prays in its language. He says to the world, like the ancient: "Let us be silent, we shall hear the murmuring of the Gods!"

The relation between science and eternal religion, though it may be expressed with less exaltation than in Kepler, does not exist the less in Galileo. Properly speaking, it is Galileo who opens the gates of that modern world, that modern society, where everything is founded upon weight and measure. He enters upon that region of discovery with a

serenity, an inward harmony, that no one had known before him; even his discoveries do not seem to move him. He floats down the stream in quest of truth, with the ingenuousness and confidence of Christopher Columbus sailing for the New World, which he already possesses in himself. You would say, that in discovering things, worlds, and unknown laws, Galileo does but confirm the idea he already entertained of them. Nothing ever betrays any astonishment in him; he handles the universe in every direction, as if he knew it beforehand. This confidence in his movements, is the most exalted characteristic of his genius.

Observe, that which necessarily made observation impossible or sterile in the middle ages, was their contempt of the present time. Man cast a fugitive look upon that universe of a moment, which fled like the billows, and where nothing fixed his heart. Galileo was the first to do just the contrary: he fixed his eyes steadfastly upon every moment, as if upon an eternity, upon every atom, as upon a world, and upon every world as upon infinite space. From this point of view, which reverses all the past, he draws forth new science.

In the cathedral of Pisa, in the middle of ascetic prayers, he fixes his eyes upon the oscillation of a lamp: this motion of the sacred lamp reveals to him the law of the isochronism of the pendulum. At this news, Kepler, from a remote part of Germany, exclaims: *Courage, Galileo, go on!—Confide, Galilæe, et progredere!* Galileo answers by his works, which he himself calls gigantic, the discovery of the law of falling bodies, the science of dynamics, hydrostatics, the composition of the telescope, the constitution of the Milky-Way, the rotary motion of the sun, the generation of comets, the four satellites of Jupiter, and the application of the laws of these celestial bodies to the measure of longitudes.

With the munificence of a sovereign, he announces, and gives to the chiefs of States, to the King of Spain, and the Republic of Holland, whatever discoveries were most capable



of being instantly put in practice. He does the office of the priest, reveals immutable laws, and teaches the wisdom of God in his works. His Venetian friends write, that, in this triumphant march from revelation to revelation, he is like a *monarch* of the universe; I am satisfied with saying he is its pontiff. Now let us see how this priesthood was acknowledged by the Church.

About the year 1536, a Pole, after a long sojourn in Italy, returned to his country: there, he composed, in a very austere spirit, an astronomical work, in which he supposed that the earth, and not the sun, moves in infinite space. He dedicated this work to Pope Paul III., and died before his book was published: a profound silence reigned for some time over his memory.

The book finds its way into Italy, where it is treated as a joke. Galileo himself, still young, though struck and converted, dares not confess it; he does not yet feel himself strong enough against ridicule. However, he gradually grows bolder, in proportion as his conviction becomes more irresistible. It required a sort of heroism to proclaim it: Galileo becomes the apostle of the new dogma; he teaches, confirms and publishes it. Such is the bond of truth, that almost all the men who looked to the future ranged themselves, almost immediately, on the side of this doctrine. Sarpi, Campanella, Grotius, Gassendi, adopt it, as one may say, spontaneously; but all the men of the past reject it, and the most zealous in repelling it are the Jesuits. Their orator, their civilian, the great Bellarmine, is the first to utter the cry of alarm; he convokes an assembly of the Inquisition, which, in its first deliberation, forbids every discussion or exposition of the hypothesis of Copernicus. He had also branded as suspicious, the discovery of the four satellites, and that instrument of magic, the telescope, which threatened to overthrow the heavens.

What then had happened since the time when Pope Paul III. had accepted the dedication of Copernicus? The

Reformation had gained ground abroad, and fear had increased in the Church. Henceforth every novelty, every discovery, becomes a peril, the slightest noise in the universe, even the rising of a star or the passing of a meteor. Life itself frightens them.

Let us be candid: Galileo gave to this system a power that was menacing for everything that was growing old; it was a revolution on earth as well as in heaven.

Urged by the spirit of truth, and incapable of remaining silent, in spite of the Inquisition, Galileo composed a series of dialogues in which the new system is, on one side, defended with irresistible art, and, on the other, awkwardly attacked by Simplicius, one of the interlocutors. They were malicious enough to tell Pope Urban VIII., that this Simplicius, a very narrow mind indeed, was no other than his Holiness himself. This artifice was not necessary to envenom everything; for facts spoke loud enough.

See, indeed, all the great change which the exposition of the new system introduced, not only in things, but in the minds and thoughts of men. The very manner in which it was presented was a novelty. It was no longer the rugged language of school-divinity which was addressed only to a small number of privileged intelligences. It was, on the contrary, science becoming humble and lowly in order to be accessible to all. In that supple, familiar and charming language of Galileo, the heavens themselves seemed to bow down and show their transparent mysteries. Imagine the method of Socrates applied to the science of the celestial revolutions, the graceful digressions and the irony of Plato, with the rigour of the demonstrations of Archimedes and Euclid. People felt themselves hurried along, by this dialogue, from spheres to spheres, without fatigue; this popularity, in the mysteries of science, was a thing unheard of:—first cause of fear.

Secondly, the independence of discussion, the accent of discourse, the consciousness that the human mind infallibly

acquired its native strength, called to mind, every instant, the tone and almost the words of Luther.

When Galileo repelled with so much nobleness the authority of tradition, and stood alone in his own strength and conviction, fronting all the past, it was impossible not to think of that liberty which Protestantism claimed for the mind of every individual. There was, in both cases, the same situation. There was, moreover, in Galileo, the tradition and the sentiment of the republican of Pisa. With what disdain does he oppose to the arbitrary ordinances of princes, emperors, and monarchs, the immutable legislation of nature! In a country where there remained no longer any trace of free institutions, he intrenches himself in the eternal charter of the creation; from that inaccessible height he treats with disdain the caprices of princes. In face of the infallibility of Rome arises the infallibility of the canonical laws of the universe:—second cause of suspicion.

Lastly, the nature of the system and of things. Even though they did not calculate all the consequences, they were not slow in feeling them. What frightened them at the outset was the necessity of enlarging the idea they had formed to themselves of the proportions of the world.\*

Those narrow, inflexible heavens of the middle ages suddenly opened, and displayed a prospect of incommensurable extent. All the hacknied similes of the heavens spread out like a tent, the firmament extended like a skin, ceased to express and comprehend the truth. The reality far surpassed the poetry; they had been accustomed to a confined and limited universe; suddenly, that horizon, by the genius of one man, expands, retires, and vanishes into infinite space. To keep their proportions, it would be necessary to enlarge the letter, but they wish to imprison themselves within it. The arm of God extends through unlimited space, whilst the Church becomes still more short-sighted!

Petty systems and Gothic arrangements are lost in this immensity; the men of the past, imprisoned in a narrow con-

\* Fosse necessario ampliare l'orbe stellato smisuratissimamente.

ception of things, draw back from before this infinite heaven on all sides open. The Roman Church, from the very first moment, does not feel her soul vast enough to fill the new universe.

It is worthy of remark, that what attached her to the ancient system, was what was most profoundly pagan in it. In fact, what offended still more than what I have just said, was to alter the idea that they had of the unalterable condition of the heavens. The perfectly idolatrous belief that the visible heavens, the abode of the Olympians, are formed in an immutable, unalterable manner, formed the basis of pagan physics: thence it had passed into the science of the Church.

Fancy their stupor when a man comes to announce that this immutability, this incorruptibility of the heavens, is a dream of Paganism, that everything in those regions is subject to changes and transformations like those seen on our globe, that those heavens are not governed by partial, or, as it were, privileged laws; in a word, that new worlds are formed and produced, that they increase, decay, or decline, and that the revolutions of life are there eternally succeeding each other!

What an abyss was not then opened to the mind! It was impossible for such as Bellarmin and Urban VIII. not to be frightened by it. What became of all those visions that the middle ages had established in the constellations as in a clime of eternal felicity? They were no longer to stop at those worlds as fleeting as our own; they must go further, rise much higher. But the soul of the Church was tired of ascending, and she refused to follow science beyond the visible horizon.

Moreover, (for surely I am here speaking to men,) if the human eye can follow the generation and birth of worlds, what becomes of the ancient idea of the creation being finished in six days? The world that they believed closed for ever, like a theatrical piece, opens again and increases. In other terms, the creation is going on at every moment of time.

The miracle is permanent; and this idea, which sprung naturally and necessarily from the former, was alone quite enough to overwhelm men, whose doctrine was, that, reckoning from a certain day or hour, everything was consummated in the physical as in the moral world. These presentiments, more or less obscure, received a dazzling light from another consequence formally expressed—I mean the new position of the earth in the system of the world: here the opinion of the middle ages was directly contradicted.

All the Catholicism of the middle ages had represented the earth as a condemned world, formed for chastisement and evil. It was a valley watered by the tears of worlds: an impure sink of the universe. And lo! Galileo, by an overthrow of their accustomed theology, releases nature from this condemnation. He restores to the earth her former dignity; he establishes equality between heaven and earth; he shows how the latter, being subject to the same laws, floats in the same splendour; he brings back serenity and life in the place of mystic theory; and, to make use of his own words, he replaces the earth in the heavens, from which she had been banished.

It was then truly and necessarily a new form which Galileo imposed upon the dogma. See the question that begins to arise from that moment. On one side, is the book of the ecclesiastical canons and the decrees of the Holy See; on the other, the volume of the universe and the eternal laws of geometry. These two books are diametrically opposite, and seem to give each other the lie! Which will yield to the authority of the other? If they be both made by the same hand, which must give way, favour, and comply with the other? Is it the revelation written in the Old and New Testament, as interpreted by the councils? Or the permanent revelation, which is every day made manifest in the living works of nature? Will the whole universe, with its inexorable geometry, draw back before one word, perhaps badly written and badly interpreted, but adopted by the Holy See? Such is the pro-

blem which, for the first time, is plainly proposed in the world: it is the divorce between the Church and Science.

Till then, the Church had met with only partial oppositions, sects, and opinions, derived from an order of ideas like her own. Behold her henceforth bravely placing herself in contradiction with the brazen law of the creation. The Church whose title is Universal is about to cast an interdict upon the thought that directs the universe!

If the argument taken from the word of *Joshua* resumed in a great measure all the question, I have said enough to show that a multitude of considerations were connected with that. The most cunning, the Jesuits, were those who saw the furthest in this affair. Those sworn enemies of every serious invention, were to have the honour of giving Galileo the first blow. He himself says in a letter to one of his friends, in speaking of them: "I have learned from good authority that the Jesuits have persuaded an extremely influential personage that my book is more abominable and pernicious for the Church than the writings of Luther and Calvin."\*

Thus, *they* excited the trial. But hardly had the world pronounced its opinion, when they change their minds; and at length attribute to themselves the discoveries they had at first proscribed.†

Moreover there is no business in which papacy has more often appeared in person.‡ Urban VIII., with a singular

\* In another letter he adds: "It is not for this opinion that I have been and am still persecuted—it is on account of my misunderstanding with the Jesuits." July 25th, 1634. Letter published by M. Libri. See *Journal des Savants*, 1841.

† *E non vi e altra differenza, se non che vogliori parere dessere essi gli inventori.* See Micanzio's letter to Galileo: "You see, Signor, that the Jesuits are trying to enter into all your observations; there is no other difference, but that they want to appear to be the authors of them."

‡ The testimony of the Ambassador of Tuscany leaves no doubt upon this subject:—"As to the pope, he cannot be worse disposed against our poor Signor Galileo." Dispatch, Sept. 5th, 1632.—"His Holiness entered upon this subject in great anger." (Ibid.)—"He

fury, mixes himself up with every incident; he declares, in every variety of tone, that the doctrine of the movement of the earth is *perverse in the highest degree*.\*

In short, Galileo is given up, in the convent of Minerva, to the holy, universal, Roman Inquisition. Behold him, a man loaded with glory, that good old man of seventy, † *questo buon vecchio*, kneeling before you, barefoot, in his shirt. You who are to-day the friends of entire liberty, tell us what you did, at that moment, with that man who then represented every kind of liberty. For there is a moment when history leaves him and remains entirely in your hands. Did you put him to the torture? You alone know. You declare you submitted him to the *rigorous examination*; but, in that infernal code of the Inquisition, which I have just studied, the *rigorous examination* is everywhere synonymous with torture. ‡

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answered me violently." (Ibid.)—"I said to his Holiness, he certainly would not prohibit a book, already approved of, without at least hearing Signor Galileo. He answered, that that was the least harm that might happen to him, and that he had better take care not to be called before the Inquisition: *E che si guardasse di non esser chiamato al Sant-Uffizio*." (Ibid.)—"Growing very warm, his Holiness replied to me that we ought not to impose a necessity upon God." Dispatch, March 13th, 1633.

This latter objection of the Holy See has been exhumed in our days against one of our patriarchs of contemporaneous science, M. Geoffroy Saint-Hilaire.<sup>1</sup>

\* These words were said by the pope to the Ambassador Niccolini, who forwarded them to his government: "*Che la dottrina era perversa in extremo grado*." And in another place: "*This work, in fact, is pernicious*." Sept. 18th 1632. "*That this opinion is erroneous and contrary to the Holy Scriptures proceeding from the mouth of God (ex ore Dei)*." Dispatch, June 18th, 1633.

† "I, Galileo, aged seventy, kneeling before you most eminent cardinals (inginocchio avanti di voi)." *Text of the judgment*.

‡ These are the terms of the judgment signed by seven cardinals: "Considering that thou hast seemed to us not to have told entirely the

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<sup>1</sup> See Appendix II. for a funeral oration over the grave of M. Geoffroy Saint-Hilaire.

Did he groan forth the words “*and yet it moves,*” amid his agonizing sufferings from the rope, the *chevalet*, or the iron-rack? You alone can tell.\*

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truth about thy intention, we have judged it necessary to proceed against thee with the *Rigorous Examination*, in which (without any prejudice to the things confessed by thee and deduced against thee, touching the said intention) thou hast answered like a Catholic (E parendo a noi, che non avevi detta intieramente la verità circà la tua intenzione, giudicassimo esser necessario venir contro di te al *Rigoroso Esame*).”

As to the meaning of the *Rigorous Examination*, it is clearly defined in the *Sacred Arsenal*, or Code of the Roman Inquisition, the sixth part, under the title, *On the manner of interrogating the guilty during torture*. Here are the first words of this chapter; the work containing them having become so scarce as hardly to be found, I quote them at length, as well as the divers formulas:—

“The accused person having denied the crimes imputed to him, and these crimes not being fully proved, if, during the term appointed for his defence, he have deduced nothing for his discharge, or if, his defence being finished, he have not wiped away the probable evidence which result against him from the trial, it is necessary, in order to get the truth out of him, to proceed against him with the *Rigorous Examination* (these are the very words employed in the judgment of Galileo: *E necessario per averne la verità, venir contro di lui al Rigoroso Esame*); torture having been specially invented to supply the defect of testimony, when there was not sufficient to give entire proof against the accused person; and this is in no respect repugnant to ecclesiastical gentleness and benignity. On the contrary, when the probabilities are legitimate, sufficient, clear, and (as they say) conclusive in their kind, *in suo genere*, the Inquisitor may, and ought to do so, without any blame, so that the guilty, by confessing their offences, may be converted to God, and, by the means of chastisement, save their souls.” . . . —*Sacred Arsenal*, or practice of the office of the Holy Inquisition, p. 263, printed at Rome in 1730, and dedicated to the glorious Inquisitor Saint Peter, the martyr.

Galileo could only be tortured for his intention. Now the regulation

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\* Niccolini, who saw him, as he came from the hands of the Inquisition, says of him at this period: “God grant that we be yet in time; for he seems to me much fallen, shattered, and afflicted. *Mi par molto caduto, travagliato ed afflitto.*”



Moreover, the greatest moral torment that you inflicted upon him was moral torture: forbidding him to teach or

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of torture, in this case, is found to be in pages 267, 268, 270, under the title: *Modo di esaminare in tortura sopra l'intenzione solamenta*. If the judges should have any doubts about the intention, this is the formula

“In this case, the Signors Inquisitors having seen the obstinacy of the accused, decree that he be put to the torture, as to intention and belief, &c. &c.

“And they order that the accused be led to the place of torment, that he be stripped naked, tied, and applied to the rope.

“Thus conducted, whilst he is stripped, bound, and fastened to the rope, he is kindly advised, and paternally exhorted (*benignè monitus, paternè adhortatus*), by the Signor Inquisitors to tell the truth, and not to wait till he be pulled up by the rope, as he will indeed be pulled up if he persists: answers, &c. &c.

“Then the Inquisitors sitting, and seeing that the said accused, stripped, bound, and fastened to the rope, refuses to tell the truth, order him to be suspended. (*Eundem jam spoliatum, ligatum et funi applicatum, mandaverunt in altum elevari.*)

“The same being thus hung up, begins to cry out, saying: *Ah! ah! alas! O Holy Mary! &c.* Or else he keeps silence (*cœpit clamando dicere.—Oimè! oimè! O Santa Maria! ovvero tacuit.*)

“All this without any prejudice to what he has confessed, the accused being tortured and interrogated only about his intention and belief (*Sed tantum ipsum torqueri facere intendunt super intentione et credulitate ipsius constituti*),” &c., p. 270.

I give here three other passages upon the identity of the *Rigorous Examination* and torture. The reader himself will judge according to the terms of the process.

1st. Page 282: “*Manner of repeating or continuing torments.*—It is convenient sometimes, on account of the atrocity of the crime, or the gravity of the evidence, or other important considerations, to repeat or continue the torture; and to that end, the judges ought in this case, at the end of the *first rigorous examination*, cause this clause to be added by the notary, *animo tamen, &c.*, which shows a wish in the judges to continue the said torture; moreover, they are to give notice that the habit of the holy Inquisition is to repeat it on the day immediately following the first, and, generally, not to exceed the half hour either in the one or the other.” The formula of the second torturing is as follows:

“Die,—mensis,—anni, &c.

publish anything; a general prohibition against all he had done, all he would do,\* *de editis omnibus et edendis*; an

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“Eductus de carceribus et personaliter constitutus in loco tormentorum, &c.

“And they shall proceed against the accused as in the first torture.”

2nd. Page 285: Here is another case, where the delinquent retracts his confessions:

“Then the judges order him to be hung up by the rope.

“Thus suspended, he is silent, &c.,—or else he cries out saying, &c. (ovvero, clamans,—dixit, &c.).

“That done, they question him as follows: Whether all he confessed in his *first rigorous examination* (*in alio suo rigoroso examine*) be true in all its circumstances.

“It is in the same manner that they ought to proceed against the accused, in the case when, after having confessed in the second torture, and afterwards turning round against his confession, it will be convenient to proceed to a third torture, which will take place according to the advice and opinion of the expert.”

3rd. Page 282: “*Manner of giving the rope to the accused who refuses to answer or will not answer with precision (precisamente)* :

“It often happens that the accused will not answer with precision, but does so in evasive terms: ‘I do not know,—I do not remember,—that may be,—I do not think so,—or, I ought not to be guilty of this crime.’ But he must answer in clear, precise words: ‘I have said,—I have not said;—I have done,—I have not done.’ In this case, it is necessary to *proceed against him with the rigorous examination*, (always the formula of the judgment against Galileo: *fa di bisogno venir contro di lui a rigoroso esame*,) to draw from him a precise, absolute, satisfactory and sufficient answer. But, first, it is proper to make him due admonitions, and, after that, to menace him with the rope. And the notary will enregister the said admonitions and menaces. The formula is as follows: *Bénigné monitus*, &c. ‘After having suspended him, they shall interrogate him in his torture upon the said fact only, keeping him suspended a longer or shorter time, *ad arbitrio*, according to the quality of the cause, the gravity of the evidence, the condition of the person tortured, and other such things, which the judge should consider, so that justice may have its effect, without any person being unduly hurt.’ Page 287.

“If, during torture, the accused persist in the negative, they shall terminate the examination as follows:

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\* “What! said I to the father Inquisitor, if he wished to print the *Credo* or the *Pater*?”—*Micanzio's Letter*, Feb. 10th, 1635.

absolute silence commanded for the rest of his life. Banished for ever, like a *paria*, far away from cities, in his gaol of Arcetri,\* you forbade him the commerce of men. When, his eyes having been worn out by looking at the sun, he becomes blind, as Beethoven became deaf, when this world, which he had enlarged, is reduced for him to the narrow measure of his body, and when, in this forlorn state, he loses his dear daughter, the religious Maria Celeste, who read to him the penitential psalms which you had imposed upon him as a chastisement for his genius, so many afflictions do not disarm you. You send the Inquisitor of Florence to inquire whether Galileo is low-spirited, whether he is sad! You fear that this immortal spirit may rejoice in the interior contemplation of the spheres.

Even his observations, his astronomical calculations, are carried away and dispersed, as suspected of heresy. The most faithful of his friends hides his manuscripts under ground;—they will never be found again. On this occasion the Venetian Micanzio pronounces these noble words: “*No, all the powers of hell could not destroy such things!*” Well then, you have been more powerful than hell,—you have destroyed them!

In a fit of devotion, his heir burned whatever remained of his latter works: and you inquire whether Galileo is sad! Be

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“The Inquisitors not being able to get any thing more from him, order, that the accused be gently taken down from the cord to which he was suspended, that he be unbound, that they put the joints of the arms back to their sockets, that he be dressed again, and taken back to his place, after he has been kept suspended in torture during a half-hour by a sand hour-glass, and the notary shall sign (*Si terminera l' esame cosi: Et cum nihil aliud ab eo posset haberi, DD. mandaverunt ipsum constitutum de fune leviter deponi, disligari, brachia reaptari, re-vestiri; et ad locum suum reponi, cum stetisset in tortura elevatus per dimidium unius horæ ad horologium pulveris,*) &c.’

“But if the accused peradventure confess the crime during torture, they shall immediately interrogate him, in continuing the same torture, as to intention and belief, &c., &c., and the examination shall end as above, by the signature of the notary, &c., &c.” Page 266.

\* “Dalla mia carcere d’Arcetri.”—*Galileo*.

satisfied! You have reduced the serenest, strongest, calmest mind that ever was, to a state of despair. *A sadness, an endless melancholy overwhelms me*, is his answer to you: *una tristitia, e melanconia immensa*. Yet after the lapse of two centuries, M. De Maistre, the chief of the Neo-Catholic reaction, thinks to get rid of all this part, when, with a hangman's laugh, he jokes about this prolonged agony, which he calls the *Story of Galileo*! Ah! Sirs, a truce at least to your irony! New defenders of the Church, insult not the Martyrs!

They may, by all means, answer that these cruelties belong to the age that committed them; they may discuss, and palliate them; be it so. The torture was one of the kindest; I am very willing to have it so; accordingly, I do not stop at this. The difficulty goes much further.

What new order of men are these, Galileo, Kepler, and Newton, to whom it is given to read in the eternal council of the God of worlds? Let us here give them their real name: they are the prophets of the modern world. We must not fancy that the Spirit of God spoke only to the prophets of the ancient law, and that since Jeremiah and Ezekiel, he has never spoken to anybody. Those men of the old covenant saw beforehand the law which moves the revolutions of human societies. But, by this standard, are not Galileo, Kepler, and Newton, also seers? They read in immensity the laws which move the societies of worlds; and where did they perceive those laws, that sacred geometry, contemporaneous with God, and co-eternal with God, if it be not in God himself! The least of them all, Linnæus, after having recognised the laws of life in the infinitely little, exclaimed: "I have just seen the eternal, omnipotent, omniscient God pass behind, and I remained stupefied!" *Deum sempiternum, omniscium, omnipotentem, à tergo transeuntem, vidi, et obstupui!*

Now, it is necessary that the Church should know exactly with what she is reproached by the world in this affair of

Galileo ; it is, with having seen, like Linnæus, the hand of God pass before her, and not having recognised it ; with having struck His envoy ; with having lacked the presentiment and inspiration of immutable things ; with not having been able to relish the perfume of the celestial porch, and the word that supports the universe ; with having flocked to a sensual banner when the Spirit was speaking to her ; with having remained in a pagan genius when the Christian intelligence was overcoming the illusion and habit of the body ; with having believed the body more than the soul ; and, lastly, with having denied in science the spirit and inspiration of Christianity.

They find an excuse in infallibility being claimed only for theology. That is true ; but, in your own opinion, what is theology, but the science of God ? It is sufficient to say, that those who claim the absolute right of representing this idea of God on earth, are obliged to possess all that humanity can know and possess of this idea. In other terms, you are obliged to have a presentiment of everything that, under one form or other, is indubitably immutable, eternal, and co-existent with the Creator himself. If you are infallible masters in the science of God, you are obliged to know all that is known of God ;\* that is evident. The idea of circumscribing and stripping theology, and separating it from science, is quite modern ; for surely there is but one science, even as there is but one religion, and you cannot abandon one without abandoning the other.

Will you say (for, indeed, we are near arriving at this conclusion), that a whole portion of the attributes of God does not concern you ? But then what becomes of your title to represent Him ? Will you say that the laws, that is to say, the word that made and supports the creation, that that sacred geometry which was born in the temples, that

\* Nothing can be more logical than the brief by which Alexander VII. submits to the Holy See, not only faith, but science.

the immutable word which does not cease to breathe upon the abyss,—will you say all that does not concern you? Why, do you not see you are giving up to the scholar the attributes of the priest? Instead of swaying everything, and containing all, can it be that the doctrine of God is no longer anything in your hands but a *speciality*? As I demonstrated lately that the temporal state is, in these days, more universal than the spiritual, you yourselves demonstrate that science is now more universal than the Church.

People have felt, that truth could not be divided into two contradictory parts; everybody acknowledges it is necessary to put an end to the schism between the Church and science. How is the capitulation to be made? To effect it, a catholic science is required, and two means present themselves.

The first consists in bringing back, by fair means or by force, all facts and observations to the form of the Roman Church; whereby, it is clear that words have no meaning, or that this science is necessarily false. Science, formerly comprehended in the Church, and since become greater, more comprehensible, can no longer be contained by the Church, if she do not enlarge herself. I have yet to learn what a Roman Geometry, Astronomy, or system of Mathematics, could be. To deserve this exclusive name, the latter must be separated in its principle from Protestant, Calvinistic and Lutheran Geometry; that is to say, it must lose what constitutes it as a science. Instead of ruling all the earth, you behold it debased to the spirit of sect.

We also assert, without any difficulty, the unity of religion and science, but on condition that each be really as vast as the other, or rather that the most universal gain over the other to its truth and universality. To mutilate and paralyse either of them, to make the alliance more commodious, is evidently flying from the question; it is not resolving it.

This reign of unity, still pursued by the Church, is nearly realized, if not already attained, by science, which advances without ever stopping. You revile it with pompous disdain;

in the mean time, it is accomplishing what you remain satisfied with promising. What is it doing? It is the same for all nations; it speaks, and imposes itself in every language, it joins distant climates, and suppresses space. Ever agreeing with the volume opened from the East to the West, it knows neither sects nor heresies. It acts, it imitates the Creator; we may even say it finishes nature herself. It progresses, whilst you are discussing; and the modern world, that you will not follow, gradually settles down upon its laws, as upon eternal reason, that truly catholic reason, manifested by those very men whom you have condemned.

In our days, they adopt a certain number of words, by which they think they settle every difficulty. I have already shown how, in order to brand the modern State with infamy, they are contented to say, the State is atheistical. In order to stigmatize the scientific spirit, and blast the research of truth in its principle, they have another word; they call this doubt,—scepticism; and having uttered this word, they remain convinced that human reason has received its death-blow. Let us see whether it be so.

When a man full of genius, Descartes for instance, rich in all sorts of experiments and doctrines, consents to strip himself for a moment of this glory and these riches of the intellect, he becomes voluntarily poor in spirit; from being great, he makes himself little; he goes back and makes himself ignorant of what he thought he knew; he questions himself, he calls and listens to the inward God. What is that but an act of humility in the very middle of science? Why do you disown it?

You pity, it is true, the eternal restlessness of the thinking mind, and boast that for yourselves there is no longer any movement. But, pray, what is this everlasting fever of the thinker, the scholar, but a thirsting after truth? And can this thirst be more fully allayed in the scholar than in the really religious man, who, also, is never cloyed with his knowledge of God?

They will not see that this avidity, this curiosity which they so deplore in the mind of the philosopher, the scholar, is precisely what is most sacred in him. It is the point at which true science approaches the nearest to be confounded with true religion: it is an impossibility in one as in the other, to be ever cloyed with truth or holiness.

I mistrust the satisfaction which makes a display of the possession of Infinity; that is called fatuity in philosophic terms.

On the highest step of the ladder, the priest and the scholar are confounded in one; Saint Augustin, Kepler, Galileo and Saint Thomas would certainly have agreed, at least by the desire of entering perpetually further into communion with the immutable. On the contrary, will you see the opposite extremity of this scale of life? The academician, convinced that his work is finished, and everything said, and the priest, convinced that he has quietly consummated the knowledge of his God, and that it only remains to enjoy it, are, absolutely speaking, on the same level.

But, in this search for truth, you run the risk of losing your way! Undoubtedly. In every grand, generous, religious action, I run some danger. There is, in this, a heroism of the intellect, as well as a heroism of the heart; and it is this virtue of science that you pretend to suppress! The man who sails from a known to an unknown shore, is, for a moment, in danger. Who denies it? This danger constitutes his grandeur. He could stop on the shore of the past; he might settle down quietly in the midst of what he possesses. Instead of that, he rushes forth headlong, because he feels a divine power attracting him towards the truth. Far from fainting, he leans back upon an immutable rock; there he derives fresh strength; for God hides from the pusillanimous, but reveals himself to the brave.

Yes, we want a religious, Catholic science, but very different, it seems, from that which you demand. For, instead of stopping, as you advise us, we want a science perpetually



aspiring, without reposing, towards new conquests, since this flight, this aspiring towards truth, is nothing else but the praying of the intellect. It has been said that every man who works, prays; much more then, every man who discovers and creates.

Science is Christian, not when it condemns itself to the letter of things, but when, in the infinitely little, it discovers as many mysteries and as much depth and power as in the infinitely great. Science is pious, when it finds everywhere a permanent miracle, and it is thus enveloped on all sides by revelation. It is universal, when it brings all worlds, all truths, to one same law, one same unity, and when, being placed in the centre, at the generating point, it governs the circumference. Science is catholic, not when it begins by conforming itself to the Vatican, but when it is conformable to that living and immutable orthodoxy which is proclaimed in the Council of all creatures, in the Church of worlds, by that sacred geometry,\* those sublime mathematics which bend before no authority, because they are written in the thought of the Creator himself.

Let us finish by one final reflection. It will be severe, but it is not I who make it so.

The Church disavowed in Galileo the instruction of the spirit, and fell into the snare of the senses. From that moment, for two hundred years, she often persecuted the Christian movement of the mind, by the Inquisition and violence. It was necessary that an awful chastisement should suddenly come from above, to warn her that she had mistaken her road. Providence sent her that sacred chastisement in hurling upon her the French Revolution. Heaven could not speak louder. Was it heard and understood? How is it that the Church, which commands us, with good right, to allow ourselves to be instructed by every blow of fortune,

\* *Geometria ante rerum ortum menti divinæ coæterna, Deus ipse (quid enim in Deo, quod non sit ipse Deus). See Kepler, Harmonices mundi, lib. iv., p. 119.*

repudiates, for her part, this divine lesson, when she is the party struck? Will she deny the chastisement? That is impossible. Will she pretend that what is true for others is not true for her? She cannot do so either. Has the warning not been severe enough? Must God repeat the lesson? She thinks so still less.

Why then does she blindly enter the same path again, as if nothing had happened, and the rod of the avenging angel had not been felt? For this reason: for a punishment to be profitable, we must accept it as just. Now, they do not accept it. They boast of being martyrs when they have been chastised; and what Providence wished them to receive as a lesson of humility, they have fashioned into a lesson of pride.

## FIFTH LECTURE.

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THE ROMAN CHURCH AND HISTORY.

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VICO.

MAY 15, 1844.

AFTER my last words, our adversaries uttered against me a cry of anger; I do not reproach them with it. I try to enter into their spirit and understand their violence. They have fixed themselves to the dead letter of things, and whoever molests them in their possession drives them to despair.

Something similar happened in another order of ideas about twenty years ago. A whole school identified poetry with versification, and as soon as ever it was shown what a fund of poetry escaped clear of that school, there was great offence. In like manner, the result of our discourses must be to show, to the offence of the dead letter, first, that a whole religious life is developed in modern times, separate from the clergy; secondly, that the living God is henceforth rather with the world of the laity than with the ecclesiastical world. They will accuse this instruction of impiety; the answer to that is too easy. I myself will tell my adversaries where I am without defence, and of what I ought to be really suspected; it is of aspiring, at least in thought, to an instruction more truly religious than the ecclesiastical. This

is the crime they must impute to me, for there I am defenceless.

Galileo has just revealed the fundamental laws of the physical world; it is natural that, in the same country, a man should seek to bring to equally immutable laws the revolutions of the moral universe which is called history. Vico is, in this sense, the legitimate successor of Galileo.

After Kepler and the mathematician of Pisa had found the formulas of the movements of the physical world, the problem which naturally presented itself, was to seek those of the civil world. If an eternal order governs the orbits of the stars, it must necessarily be met with in the successions of nations and states. The same God who launches the stars in their orbits, casts societies into the revolutions of times; and that Providence which lives in nature lives also in history. There had been a glimpse of this idea ever since the origin of Christian society; but the Neapolitan Vico was the first who sought to bring this sentiment to the rigour of science. The philosopher of Naples wishes to construct like a geometrical formula that great city of God which Saint Augustin had beheld with an eye of faith.

To be just, we must say that the new science of Vico is intimately connected with the spirit of restoration which for two centuries had shone forth in all the South, and particularly in Italy. A love for traditions, a powerful sentiment of authority, the worship of symbols, a knowledge of legends, the consecration of the past, are things in which he agrees with the reaction of the Roman Church. But, in making an alliance with Catholicism, he does not perceive that he is transforming it.

Vico, who was accused in the North, of furnishing arms to papacy, was disowned by all those who surrounded him. How could it possibly be otherwise? Whilst the general tendency of the South was to adhere more and more to the letter, Vico aspired vaguely to an immense Catholicism which would have given a bond to all forms of worship, and to

every period: he offered papacy the empire of the past renewed by his genius. The pope did not understand better than the Italian clergy anything in this vast Church where all times and places were equally absorbed. Scarcely did the ecclesiastical power deign to listen to this man, who, in a singular language, offered the assistance of an idea with the indirect advice to renew and enlarge their minds to the measure of ancient and modern humanity. The religious revolution had been reduced to the proportions of the conceptions of Jesuitism. How can we be surprised that nobody among the Roman clergy perceived that a grand thought had just burst forth, which alone could reconcile the world with the Church?

There was a moment when two issues were offered to the Holy See; on one side, the powerful, skilful, political Loyola, who proposed to the Church to circumscribe and limit herself, even though she ultimately were reduced to the proportions of one sect; on the other hand, was a man miserable, unsupported, and without guile, who had nothing but a half-sketched idea, but an idea mistress of the future, and which consisted in saying to Catholicism: Expand! enlarge your walls and your symbols; draw within them all the ages of the past and the future; give unity, not apparent but real, to all those nations governed by one and the same Providence. I bring you the science of humanity; to deserve your name, you must expand till you embrace mankind; be the pope, not only of the Latin, but of the Universal Church.

You know which of those two voices, that addressed the Roman Church, prevailed. The height of good fortune for Vico was, that they did not understand him; for had they done so, no doubt but he would have frightened them, and expiated his offence.

I trace the originality of Vico to one single thought, the creator of all the others: which is, to have had the notion that civilizations proceed from the idea of God, like a river from its source. The day when, after reading Grotius, and

seeking to resolve the problem of the origin of societies, he discovered that community among men arose from the thought of God, that day he found his science. Whilst the civilians, Grotius, Puffendorf, and, later, even Rousseau, in their search after the origin of society, make everything depend at first on the invention of the mechanic arts, Vico leaps, with one bound, to the conception of God; and this thought being known, society is constituted. From that towering summit, which he occupies alone for a whole century, he distinctly sees horizons which escape the sight of all other men. Every look he casts upon human things, thus seen through positive belief, is like a revelation to him; the forms, the explanations of the past, appear to him in so new a shape, that whatever he perceives, he calls his own discovery.

The only thing I reproach him with, is to have quitted that lofty position too soon, in order to descend to arbitrary explanations. It is certain that if you would have the whole secret of a people, you must enter into the intimacy of their religion.

The God of a people is the very substance on which they live, and by which their generations are linked together in one same unity; the arts, the laws, the philosophy of a race of men, are nothing else but that divine thought, circulating from vein to vein, and from generation to generation. What are all political and social institutions, but always a religion, which in realizing itself, becomes incarnate in the world?

The soul of Hebrew law, is Jehovah; of Mahometan law, Allah; of European law, Christ: that is to say, always and everywhere, the word, the religious idea, whence a society sprung, and which develops itself, like a private discourse, in the spirit and history of a nation, a State, or a race of men.

If religion be the culminating point of a nation in particular, Christianity is the most exalted idea of the human

race; whence it would seem, that a man who would embrace the law of humanity, ought necessarily to take his level by the height of the Gospel. Why then did not Vico do so? This legislator of the ideal city effaces the Christian city from his memory. In order to embrace the laws of Providence, he goes and shuts himself up in the study of pagan Rome. It is in the heart of polytheism that he has the best view of the splendour of divine wisdom. Why is that?

Why did Vico thus reduce his subject? Instead of a city, why does he not embrace the world? And why is this city pagan Rome, and not the Rome of the popes? Because that liberty, of which he stood in need to interpret facts, would have failed him in treating a Christian epoch; because, whilst he was making a work of religious philosophy, he appeared to be making only a work of erudition; because, at that period of regeneration, it was natural that Rome should seem the classic model of every city and every legislation, and thence there was but one step to present his history as the abridged formula of the eternal will of Providence, among all the nations of the universe.

By conveying the idea of Providence into the very middle of Paganism, he did, moreover, what was essentially new. Till his time, religious writers had been willing to see in the forms of worship of antiquity (and this is even now the sentiment of many), nothing but unbridled error, frenzy without soul. Vico, on the contrary, asserted that divine wisdom made use of those forms of polytheism in order to communicate, I had almost said to reveal, itself to the Barbarians and the Gentiles. He thus makes, in some respects, Providence the accomplice of Paganism; he shows that under the figure of those reprov'd deities is concealed the purest part of the ideas and substance of ancient nations.

In this respect, how much is he superior by divination to Bossuet himself! Bossuet acknowledges in magnificent terms the wisdom of the institutions of the ancients; but

he does not perceive that the essence of these laws is contained in the principle of those religions which fill him with horror. Because he has seen them principally in their decline, he cannot resolve to bestow the least esteem upon those pagan revelations, or recognise the slightest divine reflection in those creeds, legends, and that Church of the Gentiles; all the political institutions of the ancients seem according to him to have no other basis than themselves. Vico, on the contrary, without any criticism, it is true, established a sort of pagan Catholicism, the forerunner of modern Catholicism. He presents this example, unparalleled in the world, of a book in which almost all the details are false, but the idea of which is so essential, that it bursts forth and seizes you as the only reality among all the fictions collected by fancy and chance.

Did you never make this simple reflection? The moderns admire the ancients in their arts, laws, and institutions. Now, all these are derived from their religious belief; whence it follows that that source could not have been originally so poisonous as they pretend.

Vico sees, like Bossuet, that the civil world is submitted to the government of Providence; but he does not, like him, stop short at this general thought; he approaches much nearer the living truth. To say that empires are moved by divine ideas, is to remain still in the abstractions of Plato. This is Vico's precise originality; it is that of which he was the least conscious; he identifies, unknown to himself, the divine ideas, the warnings of Providence, with positive worship, religions, which thus become, as it were, so many partial revelations of eternal wisdom, in the city of space and time.

This is the most exalted thought ever attained by Vico; it fills him with a sort of religious trembling throughout the whole volume. What does it matter, if, after that, this book is full of whims and contradictions, or if Vico, in the intoxication into which his discovery throws him, tramples upon



details of which he is ignorant ? He has sown obscurely an idea which has not ceased to grow ; and now it envelops us with a blaze of light.

At this point, we are very far, it would seem, from the theories of Roman papacy. They are about to re-appear suddenly in the mind of Vico ; for he establishes in history the same immobility which the Holy See establishes in the Church ; so that this bold aspiring mind finds itself suddenly seized, in its full flight, by the doctrines of modern Italy. An immutable order of things, a circle of revolutions everywhere the same, a future ever resembling the past, a genuine wheel of Ixion turned by mankind, hopeless, and without a morrow ; ages succeeding only to be repeated, generations passing to be fashioned on the same model ; a city of God, a thousand times more pitiable than the city of men : such is the last word of Vico ; his ambition is to leave no issue to the human race to escape its formula of immutability.

Italy, such as Ultramontanism made her, could reveal every law, except that of development ; she understood everything in man, excepting life.

There are, generally speaking, two philosophies of history, one taking its point of view in the ancient law, and the other being inspired by the new. According to the point of view of the Old Testament, God, having retired beyond the confines of time, presides from afar from the highest heaven, over the outward movements of history ; he acts from without ; sometimes he withdraws, and abandons the nations, as if there was an interregnum of Providence ; he vanishes, then re-appears, and surprises States as they begin to awake ; he leaps, as it were, at a bound, from ages to ages ; in this entirely biblical march, none can foresee his designs.

There is another philosophy of history. In the most profoundly Christian point of view, Providence acts in a much more intimate manner ; God no longer inhabits the invisible heights alone ; nor does he any longer act by sudden fits and starts. He is become incarnate ; he is made man, and lives

in the hearts of nations and states. In this sense, history is an eternal Gospel, wholly filled with the inward God; he it is who speaks and moves in the vast bosom of nations; he acts outwardly from within, uninterrupted; he dwells in the heart of things, he fashions the inward spirit of empires, and events are nothing more than the consequence which he abandons to man; everliving, he communicates life. In human things, he is the spirit of development and progress supplanting immutability and despotism.

Vico wrote universal history in a pagan, and Bossuet in a biblical, spirit. It still remains to be written in the renewed spirit of Christianity.

In this point of view, the philosophy of revelation becomes a possibility. Instead of casting an interdict upon almost all ages, I see them all proceeding from God, gradually approaching the light and life. Each brings its image, rite and thought to that tradition in which they ought all to be represented. I no longer find any profane history; every history is sacred to me, because I recognise in every one the reflection of something divine, without which it would not subsist. Ought I, because Christianity has exalted me, to look from my eminence only with contempt upon that unknown crowd of my brethren, who, from one worship or another, are climbing up towards this splendour? Is Jehovah to be henceforth as nothing to me, because I may perceive some rays of his sublimity in the god of India and Persia? Does Christ vanish from me, because in the most distant ages I find, to my astonishment, barbarian Christs, incarnate like him, and, like him, born of a pure virgin, those sacred presentiments by which humanity prepares itself to receive the good news of Judea? Do the Hebrew prophets speak less to my understanding, because I meet with the form of their visions in the mutilated images of Persepolis?

Just the contrary: the more I discover resemblances of this sort, the more keenly I feel everywhere the principles of one same faith, the ruins of a vast Church which will one day be

repaired, and unite whatever has been scattered by the breath of time. I see before me that vast divine city being built from the beginning of things, having been founded, not only upon the word of a nation, but upon the word of all, who, at different degrees, tend towards the same faith, and bear each the testimony of a part of the truth.

What is, fundamentally, the life of humanity? A perpetual movement to come from and return to God. The Eastern civilization reposes in him; the Greek world comes from him, and the middle ages return to him, but with more plenitude and depth; for that great God of history is not simply a word of the schools,—an abstraction; he lives, he advances. And in this movement he drags the moral world with him towards unknown heavens.

I ask myself, in the system of Ultramontanism, what can be the manifest end and aim of history: as for antiquity, the end is clearly defined; it was to prepare the way for the Hebrew people. Do not imagine I find this end too narrow; it coincides with the very idea of Christianity; the Hebrew people having had the most exalted idea and revelation of the East, it is reasonable to show all the rest of the world converging on that side. But it is very different with respect to the system of the Roman Church applied to new times. By as much as it satisfies antiquity, by so much it is thwarted by Providence in whatever concerns the modern world.

It is perhaps through a secret instinct of these contradictions that neither Bossuet, nor any one since him, has endeavoured to continue this system till our days. To the question, What is the visible aim of modern history? Ultramontanism must answer, The visible triumph of papacy. But to compose a philosophy of history which may be properly its own, it must show that every fact, for the last three ages, tends evidently to the absolute power of the Holy See. Now who will dare back this wager, when the great events of the world, the Reformation, and the French Revolution, all go in an opposite direction? So bold a man has never yet been found; Jesuit-

ism, that has done so much, has not yet attempted that; and Ultramontaniam has hitherto drawn back before its own idea. It has not dared to carry out to the end its philosophy of history.

Many thinkers, since Vico, especially the Germans, have endeavoured to resume all the laws of Providence in one. You are acquainted with the most famous, that of Hegel, the infinite, the finite, and its relation. I shall apply the same reflection to these philosophers.

They all, without exception, speak of human history as if it was finished; they divide time into certain divisions which they call the East, Greece, and the Middle Ages; without any presentiment of what ought to follow, they determine the laws of the past, and give them as a rule for humanity, as if there was never to be any morrow. Why do none of these learned formulas satisfy you? Because you feel within yourselves a whole portion of humanity contradicting them, and protesting,—a whole world left out of their reckoning,—that is to say, the future.

You are inwardly shocked with rules, which, in order to be true, require that there should be no longer any life, and that everything be finished. Humanity is, in the estimation of these philosophers, a perfectly finished work; in those formulas, funereal inscriptions of the human race, the judgment pronounced against the valley of Jehosaphat, is published by anticipation; and you feel, on the contrary, within yourselves, a lively strength, young powers, exclaiming and proving to you that this pretended whole is still but a fraction.

To-morrow will arise other men, other nations, other forms, and other conditions, a new humanity which those minds reckoned for nothing in their calculations. Their reign already threatens to pass away; the circle they believed shut is open again; for the world is stifled in scholastic formulas. Let us not, in our turn, attempt to say to the flood of life: Thou shall go no further. The law of humanity ought to be composed of the past, the present, and the future, that we bear within us;

whoever possesses but one of these terms, has but a fragment of the law of the moral world. The true philosophy of history is Janus with two faces, one turned towards the past, the other towards the future. Accordingly, our task, such as we understand it, is twofold: let us study the spirit which is no more, and listen to the new spirit already knocking at the gate.

Fundamentally, the science of the laws of Providence, in history, should be the natural attribute of the priesthood. It has been said, and repeated, that this science came to light at a certain recent period,—that it is a thing of yesterday. No, it is as old as the world; only, it remained identified with the doctrines of the Church, as long as the Church was full of life. Whose province is it to point out the Eternal in the events of time, and recognise divinity mingled with human affairs, if it be not the duty of the priest? It is, beyond contradiction, the most essential part of his mission. As long as he fulfilled it, nobody conceived the idea of depriving him of the secrets of the Eternal, which were his own property; for, every day, he showed the will of heaven inscribed upon the earth: no intellect could demand more.

Unfortunately, there came a day, towards the end of the middle ages, when the eyes of the Church were clouded. Events, which had escaped all her foresight, for a time disconcerted her; amid the revolutions which contradicted and agitated her, her sight was troubled, and she dropped the thread of Providence. Instead of embracing the whole horizon of humanity, she considered, from that time, as living and reasonable, only the spot she occupied. Could she explain to men the divine meaning of those changes, those revolutions, all of which seemed to be overthrowing her? In that stupor, she could only remain silent, and curse. Then, what happened? It became necessary that a particular science of these arcana of God should be formed apart from the Church. It was no longer enough to curse whatever spread beyond the immutable circle they had traced; the anathema explained nothing.

What! in the early ages, and in her full strength, the Church had understood the divine mission even of the invasions of Barbarians; yet, in the time of her decline, she obstinately refused to know the divine necessity of the Reformation, the French Revolution, and almost all the changes performed before her eyes! There was then a divine and human necessity that the thread of Providence, broken in her hands, should be collected and joined by others. Minds foreign to the clergy then undertook the office of the priest; they explained to mankind the designs of God upon this regenerated humanity; and they called this consciousness of Providence the philosophy of history. Vico, Condorcet, Herder, Hegel, and Emerson, have done for modern times what the Saint Augustins and the Salvians did in the primitive Church; they have unravelled the counsels of God, which had remained impenetrable to the eye of the Church ever since the sixteenth century.

Once more, the priest has allowed himself to be deprived by the layman of the highest of his functions; he has kept for himself the sacred vases, whilst others carried away the perfume of the Eternal. So true it is, that in the modern world, the perception of divine things, after having ceased to be the property of the Church, has, as it were, ebbed away and flowed from it on many occasions; and, if she do not take care, the priesthood of the mind is on the point of establishing itself apart from her, in opposition to the priesthood of the letter.

Thus, in less than a century, the Roman priest has twice let himself be stripped of two sacred thoughts; first, by Galileo, of the science of the God of nature; secondly, by Vico, of the science of the God of history. Let him continue, one moment more, to allow himself thus to be dispossessed of the science of the living God, and what will he have left to-morrow?

If complete, the philosophy of universal history would be the manifestation of the divine power in all human things;

and thereby it would be identified with universal religion.

In truth, ever since its origin, humanity, enveloped by Providence, forms but one and the same Church. But this Church expands and increases from age to age; and whatever pretends to become immovable makes necessarily a schism with mankind. Universal orthodoxy is enriched by every new discovery of truth: what at first appeared universal, by wishing to stand still, sooner or later becomes a sect.

They thought, by modelling themselves upon the form of the Roman Empire, to have attained the limits of Catholicism; but the world now conceives a Catholicism far more vast, the limits of which are those of humanity itself.

What are those tumultuous agitations of man in by-gone ages? Why is it that nothing he met with was ever able to satisfy him? Why did he always change at last all he had done, and pull down the work of his own hands? Because he felt himself stifled in each of those forms as in a sect, and he incessantly aspired to emerge from the sect to enter into that vast orthodoxy which is to unite everything. He has ever aspired to something more grand, more general, a more universal Church; he has ever felt that he was capable of a more complete belief, of a more vivid light. But, from ruins to ruins, and from Church to Church, he has not ceased for a single day to draw nearer to God.

And a few persons hope, in our days, to be able to stop him in this ascent of life! It would be far wiser to pretend to stop with their hands the globe rolling in its orbit!

## SIXTH LECTURE.

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### THE ROMAN CHURCH AND LAW.

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#### THE INQUISITION.

JUNE 7, 1844.

OUR subject fails us; Vico's work was the last effort to restore philosophical authority with glory in the South of Europe. The mind being conquered, resigns, and submits to violence. Italy, after having pretended to all kinds of liberty, has now fallen under the double yoke of the Empire and the Church. The two links of the chain are rivetted; and never was a country more completely invested. Even that calm and temperate historian, Giannone, for one word about the ecclesiastical finances, was imprisoned for life. After him, I seek in vain: I do not find a single writer who speaks with energy.

Silence begins to reign in the South; but in the place of those festivals of the arts and language, which had never failed in those countries, I find a dumb institution which resumes all the thought of the ecclesiastical reaction in Southern Europe,—I mean the Inquisition. Sometimes, in the middle of the most lovely day, nature is suddenly frightened into a death-like stillness; even the crickets are silent; for a bird of prey hovering above fills the horizon with awe.



I shall not here make a display of the jurisprudence of the Inquisition; I shall not show, in their most horrible details, that ideal of moral and physical torture: that *queen of tortments*\* is too strong a weapon, and one I shall not use. I confine myself to the spirit: it is the spirit of this legislation that I wish to show in a few words.†

It was impossible for the Roman Church not to transport its principle into her penal code: she does not doubt in matters of faith, therefore she does not doubt in criminal matters; for this reason, she designates the accused and the guilty with one and the same name.‡ Whoever appears before her has both heaven and earth against him: the examination even is a torture.

When the Church accuses, she appears persuaded; all her efforts tend to extort the confession of the crime which, by virtue of her infallibility, she perceives in the dark. From this anticipated conviction of the crime, are derived those innumerable traps and snares laid to surprise the confession of the criminal. The names of the witnesses are either suppressed or falsified. In the least details, we perceive everywhere this fundamental idea, that the truth is all on one side and the demon on the other.

Hence, that incredible compound of kindness in words and cruelty in actions. Without the least scruple, they put, under a form of examination, to the torture of the rope, the rack and fire, men whose obstinacy they thought to punish beforehand. There are decrees of torture against the witness who prevaricates, the witness who falters, the witness whom they presume to be well informed, but who denies, the witness who pretends to be suborned, and so forth! Then tor-

\* Pagano (De' Saggi politici): *Regina de' tormenti*.

† My observations are founded upon a work that I have already quoted: the *Official Code*, or the *Sacred Arsenal of the Roman Inquisition*, printed in Rome, A.D. 1730.

‡ *Il Reo. Modo di esaminare il Reo ne' tormenti*. (*Sant-Uffizio*, page 267.)

ture for the accused concerning the fact; and torture repeated, if he be *hardened in denying* (se egli stara duro nel negar). The fact being confessed, torture respecting the ulterior truth, the belief, the intention, the accomplices, the identity, and torture *in caput proprium*.\* Children might be put to the torture as early as nine years of age; pagan law waited five years longer.†

It is recommended in the formulas, to speak always with exemplary kindness to the accused, whilst they are burning his feet, anointed with lard in the oven,‡ or breaking his arms with the torturing rope. This has been called hypocrisy: not so—it was the consequence of a principle which they fol-

\* Torture repeated concerning the fact is regulated,—page 264: “Having warned the accused to tell the truth, and that he shall be reprieved from torture, he answers, &c.; and if he should ask again to be put down, promising to tell the truth, even without having the intention of telling it, they may take him down and continue as follows:

“The Inquisitors, upon the said promise, order that the accused be gently removed from the torture, and accommodated with a wooden bench (leviter de torturâ deponi et super scamno ligneo accommodari).

“The same thus taken down, and accommodated with a wooden bench, &c., being *interrogated*, &c., *answers*, &c.

“And if he will not confess, they shall threaten him to continue the torture, as follows:

“And being warned, &c., to tell the promised truth, that otherwise the torments will be continued, and he will be suspended on high, *answers*, &c.

“And if he be obstinate in denying (se egli stara duro nel negar), he shall again be hung up, and the Notary shall sign.

“Then the Inquisitors order him to be suspended, the same, hanging, begins to cry, &c., or he is silent, &c., warned as above, &c., *answers*, &c., and all without prejudice.”

† “Fanciulli che però trapassano il nono anno della loro età.” *Pratica del Santo-Uffizio*, page 274. Compare this with the Roman law: “*De minore quatuordecim annis quæstio habenda non est.*” Digest, lib. xlviii., tit. 18.

‡ “Nudatis pedibus, illisque lardo porcino inunctis.” Practice of the Holy Inquisition, p. 272.

lowed out in full security of conscience. Never a harsh or vehement expression; their words were evangelical, their actions infernal; and nothing was left to the sensibility of the judge.

The interrogatory formulas being traced officially, line by line, we comprehend even beforehand, in abridgment, the tears and cries, the occasional groans and silence of the tortured; he has but to fill up with his tears and his blood this blank of torture.\*

It is true that the confession extorted by violence, ought to be confirmed in full liberty of conscience out of the Chamber of Torture; but if, on the other hand, they belied themselves, they were given back to be tortured; which was the reason why this legislation could be, at bottom, only a vicious circle, which led from the executioner back to the executioner.

I wish to add something more without using more warmth than is necessary to express precisely the truth. I know that examination by torture is not proper to the Church, she found it in the Roman law. Only remark this: the Romans had felt that the search for the secrets of the soul by the violence of fire and sword was in itself an impious thing; † they

\* “ In the said torture, the accused, having his bare feet anointed with pork fat, and thrust into the brasier over a brisk fire, after having remained silent the space of, &c. &c., begins to cry out with a loud voice, vociferating, Ah! Oh! &c. &c.” (Qui sic suppositus nudatis pedibus, illisque lardo porcino inunctis, et in cippis juxta ignem validum retentis, cum stetisset per spatium, &c. &c. in dicto tormento tacitus, cœpit postea altâ voce vociferando: Oimè, &c.) *Sacro Arsenalè*, p. 272. “ The executioner pressing him strongly, the accused begins to cry with a loud voice, &c. &c.” (Ministro fortiter premente, clamare cœpit altâ voce, &c. &c.) Page 274. These words recur in almost every page of the sixth part.

† The Roman law did not trust to torture; for it says, “ it is an uncertain and perilous thing, and may baffle truth.” (Etenim res est fragilis et periculosa et quæ veritatem fallat.) *Digest*, lib. xlviii., tit. 18.

had very well understood, materialists as they have been represented, that the rope and the rack have no empire over the mind. Accordingly, they never had an idea, theoretically, of applying this mode of interrogatory to a free witness, an emancipated mind, who composed, in their opinion, a part of living society.

To whom then did they apply torture? To witnesses whom they did not consider as persons, to those who had not yet risen to the spiritual life of man, who, in their opinion, had not yet acquired the freedom of the city among mankind.\* Well! what does the Church in the sixteenth century? Do you see? Instead of entering upon this path of spiritualism and equity, which the Romans had a glimpse of, instead of distinguishing, at least like them, the accused and the witnesses, instead of completing the emancipation of those from material violence whom the pagan law held

\* Torture is common law only with respect to slaves. All the spirit of the criminal law of the Romans is in that. This is clearly expressed by the following rescript: "If any one, in order to escape torture, pretend to be a free man, it is not lawful to torture him before a judgment has decided upon his condition." (*Si quis, ne quæstio de eo agatur liberum se dicat, Divus Hadrianus rescripsit, non esse eum antè torquendum quàm liberale iudicium experiatur.*) Digest, lib. xviii., tit. 18. See all the title de Quæstionibus; the slave alone recurs at every line.—In certain criminal causes, they oppose obstacles to the enfranchisement of slaves, in order that, says the Roman law, *having become free-men, they may not escape the torture.* (*Prospexit legislator, ne mancipia per manumissionem quæstioni subducantur; idcircoque prohibuit ea manumitti; certumque diem præstituit intra quem manumittere non liceat.*) Digest, lib. xl., tit. 9. Among the Romans we find the torture in use only for slaves, who were deprived of every personality (*che su i soli schiavi, ai quali era tolta ogni personalità*). Beccaria, *On Crimes and Punishments*, c. 16. "I was going to say that the slaves among the Greeks and Romans . . . . but I hear the voice of nature crying against me." Montesquieu, *On Torture (Spirit of the Laws)*, book vi., c. 17. "The citizens of Athens could not be put to the torture, except for the crime of high-treason; but they only applied the torture thirty days after the condemnation. There was no preparatory torture." *Ibid.*

beyond the pale of common law, instead of following that progress traced out ever since antiquity, what does she? I would rather not say what; these words may sound harsh, but at all events I must not shrink from my task.

Far from enfranchising mankind from this servile torture, she applies it to everybody, whether prisoners, witnesses, accomplices, serfs, burgesses or gentlemen. She imposes upon minds developed by eighteen centuries of Christianity that extorsive violence which the pagans were willing to use only towards those whom they considered as machines. How far, then, is not the Roman Church, at this moment, from the spirit of Christianity! She had come in order to emancipate all men from slavery; but she drives all mankind into the legislation, nay, the very exception of slavery. If there ever was a materialist and Anti-Christian law, this is one!—Equality of torture in a world of serfs! She had come in order to glorify the spirit, and now she strikes the body to make the spirit speak; far more materialist than the Roman law, she is, in the Inquisition, more universally pagan than paganism!

You understand by this the meaning of that famous page in which the principal writer of the Neo-Catholic reaction, M. De Maistre, consecrates the priestly office of the executioner, whom he calls *the bond of human society*. This is not an intrepid sally of wit; it is quite the real expression of ecclesiastical law in the South during the three last centuries: “*The whole earth, which is but an immense altar, continually imbued with blood, the scaffold which is an altar,*” all these sanguinary words, which I consent to admire if they allow me to consider them as belonging to the worship of the god Siva, rather than to the worship of Jesus Christ, are not a sport of the imagination; they belong scrupulously to the spirit of the legislation of the Holy Inquisition.

It is certain that the executioner is the beginning, the middle and the end of these institutions; he begins, continues and finishes the instruction; he is a personage who

never ceases to re-appear and act. M. De Maistre shows him only at the catastrophe. Why shrink? He ought to have shown him during the whole course of judiciary action. M. De Maistre exhibits him only as attacking the body; this is but half the deed; he ought to have shown him in his furious struggle with the mind, of which he must become the confessor and the word. He makes the innocent shriek as well as the guilty; he is charged to unravel, in blood, the pure soul of the just and the foul soul of the criminal. The judges, the priests are dumb; he alone speaks; but he makes speak the flesh, the bones and the entrails. From that language of tortured vitals he catches, at random, the auspices of the justice of God. It is the pagan sacrifice of living man upon the altar of Jesus Christ: this is what he ought to have had the courage to say.

I accuse neither individuals nor corporations; I am only showing how principles are concatenated. That code of the Church was the ideal of criminal legislation, as long as society remained exclusively Catholic and Roman: it was impossible for it to be otherwise.

People wonder at the cruelty of the penal laws of the middle ages. How is it they do not see, that as long as civil society denied, in principle, the spirit of examination, it was impossible for it to apply it seriously to a particular case of its legislation? At most, it admitted only the possibility that it was liable to error. How could it have begun by supposing that the individual might be in the right against it? In our own time it is fashionable to revile the spirit of examination and inquiry. They affect pity for the disbelief which has invaded the world; and they make of their own sadness a cloak of parade. Let us lay aside this faintheartedness; and, without allowing ourselves to be enfeebled by ruins, let us see where is the living Church.

It was precisely this spirit of examination and Christian doubt which, passing into the penal law, changed, not only its inflexibility, but its barbarity. As soon as society, relin-

quishing her pretended infallibility, perceived all that was wanting in the ideal of justice, she understood that between her, on one side, and an accused person, on the other, there was an equality founded upon the dignity of an immortal spirit. In this duel, which is called criminal judgment, instead of instantly crushing the accused party, and allowing him to open his mouth only to condemn himself, she wished to invest him with her own power. She gave him to defend himself, the same sureties as those she possessed to accuse him. The individual appears before her as her equal; they both discuss; and God pronounces judgment by the cry no longer of the tortured, but of the human conscience. Such is the change introduced into the principle of the law.

Now, was this moral revolution of the mind against violence, this development of Christian law, provoked by a council? Was it by the Holy See? No! But by heretical England, by Italy suspected of heresy in Beccaria, Filangieri, by philosophical France, by the Revolution, by all the world, except the Roman Church, which perseveres, at least in name, in the pagan law of the Inquisition. Whereby is confirmed what I have hitherto shown, that lay society, which introduced, before the Church, the living genius of Christianity into Science and the State, urged it also into civil law. The Church follows; Electra carries away the empty urn of the eternal living God.

The first sign of that new institution was, that it turned against the spirit which had created it. It is not sufficient that the Southern Church should lose the precursory instinct of truth both in science and history; something still more strange happened at that moment; she ended by disowning holiness itself. How can I speak clearly enough? Besieged by the genius of her own creation, the Inquisition, her own saints become objects of suspicion to her.

At the time when she was full of life, she recognised, she hailed from afar, the radiant glory of those in whom God dwelled. Never had she been mistaken in this. See the

history of the Apostles and the primitive fathers. The approach of a man of God made them leap with joy; at his physiognomy and accent, they all cry out, It is he, without ever having seen him. But now, O prodigy! the Church seems to have lost that sure tact, which I will call the perception of the divine; she sees, before her eyes, grand actions, sublime characters which later she will canonize; but in the mean time, instead of proclaiming, she condemns them. Whatever surpasses ordinary life, whatever springs from pure heroism, disconcerts her; it is a semblance of heresy!

How is it that those miracles of virtue which the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries were continually producing, inspired her at first only with anger? Because those great hearts lived in a region superior to that of the Italian official Church. They were willing to countenance the calculated, composed virtues of Jesuitism; such things they could instantly comprehend wonderfully well; but guileless unvarnished virtues, void of after-thoughts, that soaring on the wings of divine love far above the earth, all that appeared formidable to her. For was it not an innovation?

This is why Saint Philip de Neri is at first interdicted; they refuse him the sacraments; he is almost excommunicated for too much purity. In spite of his official and kindred ties with the Holy See, how many clamours against Saint Charles Borromeo! Saint John de la Croix, that soul so akin to the author of the *Imitation*, sacrifices himself in vain, every day, in the fervour of the most eminent orthodoxy; the pure light of his intellect dazzles the Church; and the Pope's nuncio casts him into prison.

Louis de Leon, the editor of Saint Theresa, is the most submissive poet in Christendom. His genius is that of obedience. But he is an inspired poet; he touches the base of Christianity; he sings with the soul of Saint Paulin and Saint Augustin; his strains sound little like the official sonnets of the cardinals Bembo and Bentivoglio; is not this



sublime flight a heresy? They cast him into a dungeon, where he passes five years. It is the same with Saint John de Ribeira.

How was it possible for them not to be frightened by Saint Theresa! What means had the princes of the Church to follow that flaming soul upon those sublime heights? Saint Theresa, rapt with the inspiration of heaven, is the ideal of those famous Virgins by Murillo which fill all Spain. You may have seen some, or at least copies of them, here in France. She is ascending upon clouds in a divine tempest; her hair is streaming in the breath of the Eternal; the disk of incantation is under her feet; her look is beaming with all the love of heaven and earth upon the abyss. Is not such aspiring towards things above, a schism with whatever wishes to root itself deeper and deeper in things below? They must get rid of this danger; such is their first thought. As a sister of Louis of Grenada, Saint John de la Croix, and Saint John de Ribeira, the day came when Saint Theresa was in her turn persecuted by the ecclesiastical authority; she at length cries out in despair: "It is time to deliver ourselves from those good intentions which have already cost us so dear!"

What does that mean? It is one of the strangest signs in the modern world, and, you will confess, the most surprising of schisms. The saints obliged to deliver themselves from their good intentions! The Church striking herself, and no longer knowing her own! She returns to them only when she is warned by the sentiments and the fidelity of the crowd. The world brings her back to God, she no longer leads the world to him. She wishes to be saved, like all the things of the earth, by combinations, or, at the very least, by political virtues; like those governments which, even in danger, are afraid of the enthusiasm of their first principle.

Whoever speaks to her of the heroism, the holiness of early times, and wishes to restore them, begins to be looked upon

as suspicious. That even happened to Ignatius de Loyola ; when he was only a hermit, ecclesiastical authority took him for an arch-heretic ; later, policy redeemed the Saint.

The Italian Church, in the series of her history, has passed from the epoch of the Apostles to that of the Saints, from the Saints to the Doctors, from the Doctors to the Legates, the Nuncios, the Princes of the Church ; is it this last diplomatic epoch that she wants to make eternal ?

So extraordinary a situation produced—in the very bosom of popedom—a result which is not less wonderful. In the very face of that ecclesiastical government, which is hesitating and has lost its star, I see them making attempts at reform, which I must call the efforts of despair ; these two attempts to escape from Italian influence spring from Catholic France ; one is made by Rancé, the other is Port Royal.

I distinguish the same principle in both : at Port Royal, as at La Trappe, solitary men of an entirely new species, such as papacy had never seen. Give me your attention to this point, which is decisive.

Who had been till then the hermits and anchorets in the Catholic world ? Men who, from the bottom of their grottoes, remained in intimate communion with the visible Church. They collected and stored up their thoughts within themselves in solitude ; and when the day was come, they emerged in the government of the Church ; the anchoret becomes a pontiff. Issuing from regions of deserts and ruins, Saint Anthony re-appeared in the middle of Alexandria, Saint Athanasius in the middle of the council ; they brought back the meditations of the desert to the common source. The majesty and inspiration of the desert were for them but a prelude in order afterwards to approach a superior inspiration, deposited in the body of the clergy.

Such is the history of all those who founded Catholicism. The Saints, Gregory of Nazianzus, Basil, Chrysostom, and Augustin, began by being hermits ; later, they quit this

communion with the invisible to enter a communion of every instant with the visible Church. They were only hermits; they become priests, bishops, and pontiffs; they tend more and more to become identified with the power of the clergy; and by entering the Church they seem to grow more and more in God.

But now, what happens is just the contrary. Behold the saint of the age of Louis XIV., the great M. De Rancé! In his youth he went to Rome; he took a near view of the sanctuary; he touched with his hands the principle of Italian theology; he entered into the intimacy of papacy; and afterwards, what was the cry he uttered? Ah! that cry explains all the rest of his life! "Rome," says he, "is as insupportable to me as the court was formerly." That is to say, just now Rome distrusted her saints, now it is the saints who distrust Rome. Let us continue.

Rancé retires; all that Christian ardour is considered by the Cardinals and the Holy See as only the whim of a nobleman, a French fury; *furia Francese*, say they, with a smile! Leave them to jeer that intrepid soul; whilst they are laughing he goes and founds, in spite of them, the last order of Roman Catholicism, that which expresses with profound melancholy the unutterably miserable condition of the Church.

It is high time to know what means that funereal genius of the constitutions of La Trappe; since they have withstood both time and nature, they are not merely the work of fancy of a lord.

What a strange sight! Whilst the clergy are boasting of their regeneration, here are men who plunge more deeply into death and desolation than they had done at any other time. They celebrate their anticipated funeral with inexorable sadness. For whom have these men worn mourning for two centuries? To whom are addressed those words, "*Brother, we must die?*" Whom are we incessantly to weep for with them as over a dead body? Is it the world? Is it

the Church? or both? Here is a mystery we must endeavour to unravel!

What distinguishes the new saints, and particularly Rancé, is an incredible repugnance to become a member of the official clergy. The idea of a regular convent makes him shudder: "I! become a monk!" he exclaims with a faltering voice. What then does this great heart desire, which opposes to the piety of Jesuitism the loyalty of the ancient French gentleman?

He is, with respect to the Church, in the same situation as the ancient anchorets were in respect to the world. He examines her narrowly, but does not find in her a single sanctuary pure enough to dwell in. Therefore, he wishes, as it were, to fly from the Church herself, as the other had fled from nature and the world; he wishes his order should be in the Church as if it were no longer there; the way to do so, is to bury it with his hands.

A solitude incomparably greater than that of all the anchorets, hermits and cœnobites of the middle ages! For such men were severed only from civil society and nature; they remained in perpetual communication with the Church. Canonical authority, living tradition, the Holy See, the movement of that great universal body, reached, by a hundred invisible roads, the gate of every monastery; Rome resounded in every cell. But here, in this sepulchre of La Trappe, men have raised rampart upon rampart, to keep themselves separate, as from an impure and terrestrial noise, from the very voice of their Church. "I am resigned," said Rancé, "without having any connection with anybody, because I thought there were none but what were dangerous."\*

People inquire what is the principle of this order in its relations with Rome; from what I have just said, it is easy to see that this principle is despair. The signification of Rancé, his value in the history of Christianity, is to have felt, at the

\* Life of Rancé, by M. de Chateaubriand, p. 184.

sight of the Roman Church, an agony and a dread that she herself could no longer feel ; and his grandeur is to have found this agony incurable.

Before him the legislators of every order had always formally aimed at strengthening the general power of the clergy ; this argued a great fund of hope, of confidence in the future ; they wished to be associated with the movement of life and tradition. In the order of the Trappists, considered profoundly, the first idea, the foundation stone, is, that tradition is closed, that henceforth it is useless to remain in communication with it, that the book is finished, that the life of Roman Catholicism is concluded, that there is no means of turning over the page, that everything is said and consummated ; that is, that nothing remains to be done but funerals. Notice the expressions let fall by Rancé ; we perceive him seized with affright at the sight of the maxims, means, and religious Machiavelism, put in practice by Italy to save the Italian Church ; all his discourses end in this, that *before long they will see an almost general desolation*. This presentiment of desolation in the Church becomes in him the very principle of his institution.

People say, what affinity can there be between this establishment of weeping mourners and the modern Church in all the glory of her regeneration ? There is an anachronism in that perpetual image of mourning, those ill-omened garments, those living lamentations before the porch of Saint Peter's. Why rend their hearts when everything is so prosperous ?

For my part, I consider, on the contrary, that this institution of dread and repentance is what is most suitable to the situation (not apparent, but real) of the Roman Church. Whilst papacy and Jesuitism, and such as Innocent X. and Alexander VII., were delivering up Christ to Machiavel, it was very necessary that there should be, somewhere or other, inconsolable men to weep eternally over this downfall. The wooden cross of the Trappists expiates, day and night, the golden cross of the cardinals ; Rancé expiates Loyola. One is the consequence and altogether the contradiction of the other.

This is a new sight; a saint establishes an order, like a prophetic sign of death, before the face of all Christendom. Jeremiah the prophet had also covered himself with sackcloth and ashes in front of Jerusalem, and nobody had understood that warning; another day he had broken a vase to shivers before Judea. Raneé does somewhat similar: he gives his establishment the figure of a sepulchre displayed before the visible Church; and the Church does not understand him.

His cœnobites dig a grave every day; people think the grave is for them, and that this has no other signification; they do not see that the last of the orders wears mourning beforehand for all the others! They do not see that this prophetic grave is growing wider every day in a superhuman manner, under the hands of those men, in order, at length, to contain all the old society which the French Revolution will soon cast into it!

The Trappists have outlived all the orders, as the grave-digger outlives funerals; even now, without being affected by any of the passions of our days, without at all interfering in the agitations of the Church, they remain standing, cold and impassable, like the genius of death; and the grave they have not ceased to dig, still cries and calls for its future tenant. These cœnobites, such as their institutor wishes to have them, have no longer any human will. Let these living tokens, these prophetic figures of desolation in the Church, these modern Jeremiahs, covered with sackcloth and ashes, remain in peace to speak to the modern Jerusalem their mute language, until at last they be understood.

For they wear mourning, not for themselves, but for an epoch. This order of grave-diggers is the living funeral oration of whatever is not immortal in Christendom.

If such be the most profound meaning of La Trappe, on the other hand, Port Royal is a second attempt of Catholic France to escape the clutches of Rome. Let me explain.

I see arise, far from the bustling world of Louis XIV., a

silent asylum, consecrated to prayer and penitence. It has no outward show ; no skilful manœuvring to attract notice. Possessing the greatest orator of the day,\* they might make a show with his eloquence to invite the world ; but they impose silence upon him, and choose for their common spokesman the least eloquent of all.† The odour of sincerity spontaneously exhaling from Port Royal, is the only charm they allow themselves. Attracted by this perfume of truth at first I see men arrive at this place who seem to me already full of Christian life. Saint Cyran, Lemaître and Singlin remind me of the penitence of the anchorets of the early ages. I perceive something of the life of the hermits of the Thebaid, whilst, at the same time, I hear on its threshold the distant murmur of the grand age : Pascal, Nicole, Arnaud and Racine yield, one after the other, to this prestige of holiness ; I look upon these places as holy ground.

Every moment, a group is detached from the seventeenth century, and comes to be regenerated in this holy society. Amid all the splendour of Louis XIV., this spot of ground attracts me more and more ; there I recognise the imitation of what I like best, of what I have read most frequently in Saint Jerome and Saint Augustin : in spite of what is called the pride of philosophy, I feel myself touched by so much piety and real holiness, which form a contrast even with the pompous austerity of La Trappe. I myself want to follow these groups ; I walk in their footsteps, and approach these blessed dwellings ; at the same moment, I see the outstretched hand of the Church coming with incredible violence, throwing down this asylum before my eyes, driving away these penitents, destroying everything till not a stone remains, dragging the mouldering bodies of the saints from their graves, and casting them in the wind. Let everything be razed and extirpated, cries an angry voice ; it is that of the Holy See : *evellatur et eradicetur* ! This seems to me a dream ; all my ideas are con-

\* M. Lemaître.

† M. Singlin. See *Port Royal*, by M. Sainte-Beuve.

founded by it : but this dream is, on the contrary, the greatest reality in the seventeenth century.

In my astonishment, I try to discover the cause of this fury, and, with a little attention, I soon find it.

It is, in fact, certain, that to escape from the omnipotency of Rome, such as the Council of Trent and Jesuitism have constituted it, I perceive only one road for Christians ; it is that towards which Port Royal was impelled as naturally, as invincibly as Luther. People are surprised that both proclaimed, with the nothingness of man and the abolition of free-will, the despotism of God ; and they do not perceive that this winding-path was the only possible one to arrive at emancipation.

To escape from the overwhelming power of the Church, it was necessary to bring against it a power still more overwhelming ; it was necessary, as it were, to exaggerate the power of God, in order to wither and annul the power of the priest. The tyranny of heaven was a means to escape the tyranny of the earth. It was the maxim of the Reformers, it is also that of Port Royal : God does everything, by his single will ; man can do nothing, is nothing, does nothing. Do you not see that this principle contains in itself, as its last consequence, the diminution, or rather the dismissal of the priest ? What do we want with him, if everything be done without him ? Whatever Luther gives to God, he takes from the Church. These maxims, far from contradicting each other, as is generally supposed, are perfectly concatenated.

Yes, things were in such a position in the sixteenth century, that man, in order to steal away from the absolute power of the Holy See, and the outward Church, found no other way at first, than to rush headlong and lose himself in the profound attributes of God. That was his only chance of escape : every other issue was shut.

Whether they were conscious of it or not, this was the fundamental principle of the great men of Port Royal.



Listen to Saint Cyran, the good genius of the place; he explains, in perfectly clear terms, the cause of so many persecutions: "I have so long been a prisoner for this truth, that God must first change my heart and reverse it, before the priest can undertake to absolve the soul." You hear him; he pretends to give precedence to God over the priest; this is quite the contrary of modern Rome, that gives everywhere precedence to the priest over God. He proceeds from within, the intimate, the invisible; Rome, on the contrary, will proceed from without, the visible, the exterior.

I thus find two roads now being opened, represented, one by the Spiritual Exercises of Loyola, the other by the Spiritual Letters of Saint Cyran. In one, I am a mute instrument in the hands of an instructor. This is the path glorified by the Church. In the other, I am set face to face, solitarily with God, the director of souls. This is the way which seems to me to guide great hearts; this is what formed Pascal and Nicole. It is the one condemned.

To speak truly, we have here two different Catholicisms. In this alternative, which am I to follow? In this one, I see, at every line, the power of the visible Church looked upon with suspicion. *Out of ten thousand priests, not one!* Who says that? Once more, it is the Saint of Jansenism, Saint Cyran. And, from that moment, what becomes of the splendour, and the outward power of the priesthood? In the other Catholicism, on the contrary, that of Rome, I am, it is true, with the authority and the official government; but what becomes of the invisible Church? What becomes of those entirely spiritual maxims of the primitive fathers, and the inward spirit of Saint Augustin? It is necessary to condemn, with Pius V. and Gregory XIII., what the Councils of Africa and Orange have proclaimed; that is to say, to throw down in modern times what had been built up in the early ages. After that, the priest, being ever present, conceals from me the inward God.

Such is, in all sincerity, my situation. What then remains

to be done? If I espouse Port Royal, I have on my side the early ages of the Church, and the three last centuries of papacy against me; if I attach myself to Rome, I have the authority of new times for me; but, as it seems to me, I have the whole spirit of Christian antiquity against me!

The clergy distrust the saints, and the saints the clergy. This is the summary of all the preceding. What road am I to take between these two Churches?

Pascal, you who had a distant presentiment of all, who foresaw the perplexity and schisms of our age, who know we do not speak here of such things for our amusement, but that we seek truth alone; you, the martyr of the mind; you, who see distinctly to-day the bottom of that abyss which made you shudder,—what must we do? For this is, after two centuries, the inheritance that you have left us. On one side, the Church of the South: she is still standing; but, by her side, is the genius of deceit whom you smote. And as you refused to enter that alliance when it had not yet borne all its fruits, it is still more impossible for me to accept it now it has borne them all. I might, perhaps, find peace where you found it yourself, in that Church of Saint Jerome and Saint Augustin renewed in the desert. But that Church, where you found repose, is accursed; that holy mansion that saved you from yourself and the world, is razed to the ground like a house of infamy; you entered into it as into a port; and you entered into excommunication! On one side is Jesuitism branded by you, on the other Port Royal branded by Rome: such is the alternative you have left us.

What then shall I say in so strange a situation? I will say that the *Christ with the narrow arms* is not the Christ who embraces the world. I say that the Roman Italian Church is not alone the Universal Church; and, since I am left no other alternative but Jesuitism or Anathema, I say I am obliged to prepare myself a road which is neither the one nor the other, neither Jesuitism, nor Jansenism, neither Rome nor Port Royal.

It is not I who speak thus, I should not so easily put myself forward alone; it is the end of the seventeenth and the whole of the eighteenth century, which use this language. Catholicism had divided itself. The outward Church was overthrown by Port Royal, the inward Church by Rome; and the spiritual direction, which, till then, had conducted the world, disappeared. In this interregnum of the Church, it was necessary to find an outlet for humanity, or bury it in the grave of Rancé. The earth wanted another papacy; we shall see presently what was that new spiritual power, which, in one moment, succeeded all the others. That irresistible papacy, which established itself almost without opposition upon the deserted Holy See of humanity, during the eighteenth century, I may already name; it was philosophy.

It had only to appear; the age submits without murmuring to this new popedom of the Spirit, because, under a new form, they recognise the features of the ancient power which till then had moved the world.

This consecrates beforehand the legitimacy of this century; it has not overthrown, but set aside, the Church: it has not confounded times like a usurper. It is not a bastard age which meddles without right with the succession of Christian centuries. No; it has legitimately inherited the mitre and the triple crown, which were no longer worn high enough in Rome. It has legitimately inherited the living God; and it is the cause that, notwithstanding the decline of the Church, there has been no interregnum in the kingdom of the Spirit. But let us not anticipate to-day this grand subject; let us reserve it entire for another occasion.

## SEVENTH LECTURE.

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### THE ROMAN CHURCH AND PHILOSOPHY.

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#### THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

JUNE 5, 1844.

ITALY had, two hundred years before us, her eighteenth century: splendid talents, incomparable courage, and the zeal of martyrs in some; but all was useless. Society did not answer to the call; we find intrepid masters, but disciples are wanting. Persecution, that charm of strong minds, draws nobody to their side; no popularity accrues to their name. After these first struggles, it is certain that the Church, though still continuing to fear heresy, must have thought she had nothing further to fear from philosophy.

There must be some serious reason why this loud cry of independence did not find any echo. The Inquisition alone would not be sufficient to explain it. The truth is, that Cesalpini, Pomponatio, Patrizzi, those great precursory minds, in order more easily to escape from Roman Catholicism, had placed themselves beyond the very spirit of Christianity. In their very first flight, they leave the region of modern society. Abolishing, in thought, the sixteen centuries of the Christian world, like a subtle dream, they immediately attach them-

selves to the philosophy of paganism. They continue, with genius, Heraclides, Parmenides, and Plato; they become again the citizens of Alexandria; but in this violent soaring beyond their time, the world loses sight of them. Whilst they are wandering in the past, living society does not know them.

Add also that by depriving themselves of Christianity, they divested themselves of a certain superiority. That became evident, when from abstractions they passed to political theories. Being unwilling to admit anything of the Christian genius, all the civilians of this school, Machiavel, Sarpi, Paruta, begin by denying the law; they acknowledge nothing but force. This result might please governments; but it was incapable of conquering opinion and popularity. People perceived instinctively that these civilians remained, in principle, inferior to the modern Church. From that moment, it was in vain they struggled; they were arming a glorious past against an inert present; and glorious as that past was, the world was not to be shaken by it.

When this first explosion of the philosophical spirit in its spontaneousness was exhausted, another generation of thinkers was seen in the South; disconcerted men, each of whom redeemed his efforts by a concession. Such were Vanini and Paruta. The former, whom Rome burnt as an atheist, was reckoned a fanatic in England; as to Paruta, fancy a Machiavel, whose sublime language is crippled and extenuated by the fear of the Inquisition. He envelops his thoughts in the folds of his senatorial language, like a dagger under a Venetian cloak. At the end of his work, when he has sufficiently commented upon reasons of State and the suspicious precautions of the decrepit genius of the city of Doges, to redeem all that, he falls upon his knees, in the last chapter, and makes before his readers a public confession, an act of declamatory compunction.

Thus ends, under the terror of the Church, the splendour of philosophy in the sixteenth century. The spirit of Ma-

chiavel upon its knees smites its breast and mutters a prayer ; that prayer lasts till now.

If French philosophy in the eighteenth century had entered upon this ambiguous path, she would, most assuredly, have suffered the same fate ; the world would not have been affected for her ; luckily she did just the contrary. How so ? She showed the world an idea superior to that of the Church ; and, at the same moment, the Church felt herself smitten by weapons she no longer possessed. She found herself face to face with a power which, by denying all forms, sects, and particular Churches, and, in a manner, visible Christianity, retained however what is most vital in Christianity—its spirit.

As long as they had opposed to the Roman Church another Church, whether Protestant, Greek or Jansenist, the former had been able to seize her adversary, and resist her blows ; they were forces of the same nature ; there was for that a tradition of controversies which might last indefinitely. If they were attacked, so also they had a hold upon an enemy of the same family ; two Churches struggled together ; they disputed about their forms. But here is quite a new adversary ; the very fruit of Christianity, the spirit, the soul, which, being developed, and enfranchised from forms, nakedly opposes the very principle of forms ; the body of Christianity is on one side and the spirit on the other. Jacob is assailed in the dark by the invisible, invincible, unseizable wrestler. This is the combat of the Church and Philosophy in the eighteenth century.

Let us go further : without leaving the tradition of Christian societies, let us seek the meaning of this epoch. Was there never anything like it in history ? Cannot the monuments of the Church herself show us how Providence manages, when it wishes to communicate to a society a new effusion of the Spirit of Life ? Shall we not be able to connect this accursed grand century with sacred history ?

What it has been most reproached with, is to have become suddenly insulated from all the others: now there are times when this insulated situation is of divine institution. Let us be clearer.

When the Hebrews, in order to drag the rest of the world after them, are ready to receive the baptism and the spirit of the future, Providence leads them from the valley and the idols of Egypt. It conducts them for forty years in the wilderness; there the prophetic people receive the education of the future. This solitude becomes the era of their regeneration; as soon as ever they are renewed, they go and build future society.

In the same manner, the whole of the eighteenth century is dragged from its valley of Egypt; it leaves behind what it had adored; and the Pharaohs pursue it for more than one day's journey. It is dragged apart by those who conduct it, into a desert, if you will; for institutions, customs, even forms of worship, whatever sheltered the past, crumble to pieces. The sands, where the sea has retired, do not appear more desolate; it is a desert, but full of the miracles of the intellect. There are flashes of lightning to illumine the horizon; they show the way. Modern man remains there, far from ancient society, without any interposer, face to face with reason and the soul; he receives, as it were, revelation and the tables of the law from the pure spirit; his education, in the silence of all the other centuries, is so vigorously conducted that he can never be entirely possessed again by the genius of the past; at last he quits this solitude to found the new city.

Thus the eighteenth century is the migration of the modern world to pass from one social form to another; it is not only an epoch, but an era.

But this era is that of impiety! Doubt, scepticism, the genius of emptiness, sensation, and what not! It is easy to hurl, from the summit of a complicated orthodoxy, these anathemas against this epoch. It remains

to be seen how much foundation there is for this excommunication.

The future is always sceptical with regard to the past, since it takes possession of it. The eighteenth century has evidently ceased to believe in many things; but, it is equally certain that the groundwork of this century is a universal faith in what is most important in the inheritance of Christianity; I mean the power of the invisible, thought. By that, all the men of this time are united; the remembrance of one almost necessarily calls the other.

What! they have against them at first all the powers of the earth; and they undertake to change everything, not by a regular association, but by a fortuitous concord of sentiments and ideas! What is the party attacked in want of? Is it force, riches, power, or the possession of ages? And a few writers, who hardly know each other, are about to destroy all that by the magic of a word!

They believe so steadfastly in thought, that they are persuaded all the rest is nothing, that an idea is sufficient to regenerate and nourish the world, and that humanity possesses in itself enough moral energy to cast off all the burden of ages, and re-model, at a given moment, a new world, upon a new ideal! Are these materialists? Are these sceptics, who believe that a soul is sufficient to create a new universe? And people have wished to exclude from the living tradition of French philosophy these men, who will be ever its focus! Because they did not find in J. J. Rousseau a display of scholastic formulas, I have known the time when they refused him the title of philosopher; without reflecting that we may handle and display formulas all our life without having in the least degree the philosophical spirit, which is truly the spirit of creation.

There is nobody who has not believed himself obliged to cast the stone at this adulterous age. The truth is, the classifiers of schools know not what to do with these gigantic figures; they, like botanists, want perfectly dead systems, that they



may put in methodical order in their paper cases: but men who are altogether speech, action, reality, living systems,—what a perplexity! This is not the abstraction of life, it is life itself.

Where were we going by that narrow way? We were placing in the first rank of philosophers, Reid and Dugald Stewart, because those honest writers assured us, one day, that, according to common sense, they consented to believe in the intelligence. And we were banishing from this pretended spiritualism our own great men, who, by an heroic impulse of the soul, founded in the eighteenth century the real spiritual kingdom! We were imprisoning ourselves in the insular letter of I know not what Scotch philosophy, and we were leaving the highway, the national path, the royal road of the tradition and word of life! Let us hasten to return.

Yes, let us return to the intelligence of that grand century, and not amuse ourselves with words. Whoever does not see a philosophy make a parade of spiritualism, accuses it of having understood only matter; let us enter deeper into things.

It is not sufficient for a philosophy to murmur outwardly a formula of idealism or heroism, to belong really to the kingdom of the Spirit. We may be very materialist, though speaking always of idea. Reciprocally, an age that makes no parading pretension to idealism, but that puts it in practice and makes it pass into life, such a one is really an idealist age; it makes of spiritualism a reality. Now, let them show me in all the past a period that ever had more faith in the soul, that ever showed more, that ever used more, or that ever had less need of physical strength and nature to conquer. It is the moment when speech, till then buried in mystery, becomes life and reality. In a political point of view, France was crushed by the enemy; to judge of her only with the eyes of the body, you would believe her powerless; it is, on the contrary, the moment when she reigns with undisputed power over the universe; her arms are tied, but she com-

mands the world. What then is this, but the reign of the Spirit? Because it has become visible, do you no longer perceive it?

When it formerly dwelled in the Church, and was veiled, you supposed it present. It leaves the Church, and passes into the century; and because it is nearer you, do you not know it?

Ah! we have sinned against that century; and, in saying so, I accuse nobody in particular; but I am in accordance with the highest philosophical authority of our age. Whilst, in our country, every man who pretends to philosophy thinks it becoming to begin by denying that eminently French century, it is not extraordinary that the master mind of abstraction, a foreigner, Hegel, hails it, on the contrary, as the fundamental era of the mind?\*

The only enthusiastic page, perhaps, that this sublime genius ever wrote, marks the spiritualist genius of our eighteenth century. After this, will anybody have the courage to see in this heroic moment of the human mind nothing but what schools call the doctrine of sensation?†

Let us ascend to the cause of all we see, and let us speak seriously. After the double invasions of 1814 and 1815, oppressed by a million of enemies, the spirit of France seemed for a moment, to have lost itself. The genius of the eighteenth century had had the French Revolution for its apostle in the world; this revolution was conquered; how shall we explain this mystery? Let us accuse nobody! The circumstances were overwhelming, and perhaps we should not have done otherwise.

The first thought that struck certain men was to blame the eighteenth century. They believed that heaven had just pronounced against it, and that nations had armed to abolish it; fearing to be enveloped in what they imagined to be its

\* Das Geistreich selbst.

† In Italy, Rosmini continues this desultory warfare, long after it is over.

defeat, they thought proper to deny it. After having sacrificed the national flag, they sacrificed, one after the other, Voltaire, Rousseau, and all the representatives of this period: they sacrificed themselves. Thus, persuaded that it was not only to escape defeat, but to become allied with the conquerors, they placed themselves beyond the confines of reality and life. In this abstraction, which was, fundamentally, a real void, many imagined that they occupied an immutable rock, far above all the agony of their country.

From this empty sophism, they came to the conclusion that nobody had been vanquished at Waterloo; that, from that moment, it remained only to embrace the law and the future arising from that day. With a little subtlety, they became resigned to accept for ever as a victory, without a reply to anybody, what all France persevered in lamenting as an unforeseen overthrow, from which it was absolutely necessary to rise again.

In fact, upon that field of battle was abandoned without burial, as a pledge of reconciliation, what they believed to be a great dead body, all the eighteenth century. They gave up without ransom each of those splendid glories, each of those spirits of intelligence who had borne the banner of France. It was the worst of capitulations. You know what took place when any ancient city was captured; the first thought of the conquerors was to pillage the Lares and Penates. They treated the French Revolution in the same manner; they gave up to the past the Penates and the Lares of the future.

— This explains many things to us. Those spirits had among other missions that of combatting the dead letter; they served as barriers to the world against the enterprises of Ultramontanism. These barriers being removed by us, in a moment of weakness, what afterwards happens? The men of the past return by issues which they have not even had the power to open; they march over ruins which they knew not how to make.

But these pretended ruins arise again of themselves; and

the genius of the eighteenth century, which they thought overthrown, has but developed and strengthened itself in the world. After 1814 and 1815, it was life itself that we abandoned, thinking we were only giving up ashes. If people had aspired to higher thoughts, they would have seen distinctly that Waterloo was not the last word of France, but that it was one of those days for which revenge is taken sooner or later, under one form or another, and that from that time, the worst of philosophical conclusions was to abandon and immolate the representatives of French progress.

In fact, this is what was passing abroad in this respect. Whilst we were giving up our moral force, and France was, like Samson, giving her hair to be shorn, it happened that all men who pretended to an extraordinary influence over their epoch, put themselves in intimate communication with our eighteenth century.

At the moment it was a mark of good taste in France to deny Voltaire, he took refuge with Goethe. Goethe welcomed that great exile; he learned from him the magic of communicating life and electricity to multitudes. He translated Diderot. Lord Byron became the disciple of J. J. Rousseau; he tried to combine at once the soul of the author of the Confessions and that of the old man of Ferney. With the vast horizon which it now opens, the Profession of faith of the Vicar of Savoy re-appears in other terms, in that philosophical theology which extends from Kant to Schleiermacher. Do not the vast works of the greatest critic of that time, M. de Wette, seem very often commentaries upon opinions ventured by Voltaire?

Thus, after immense works, they returned to the results perceived by the eighteenth century; Hegel proclaimed their metaphysical depth, Goethe their literature as the source of life; and De Wette confirmed their criticism; so that we may say that all the contemporary movement is a new development, a new power of the spirit of that same century. It was denied among us at the moment it remained a conqueror.

Let us then again hail those magnificent hostages! They return to us well proved and glorified by exile; they have done abroad the work of France, when she thought herself abandoned by men and God! They conquered whilst we gave over struggling; they were said to be dead, and they have fought better than the living. But if they return, it is with a new meaning; let us replace them in our minds in their proper places. It will be the way to efface the most visible trace of the devastation which follows defeat.

I watch, for forty years, the reign of one man who is in himself the spiritual direction, not of his country, but of his age. From the corner of his chamber, he governs the kingdom of Spirits; intellects are every day regulated by his; one word written by his hand traverses Europe in a moment. Princes love, and kings fear him; they think they are not sure of their kingdom if he be not with them. Whole nations, on their side, adopt without discussion, and emulously repeat, every syllable that falls from his pen. Who exercises this incredible power, which had been nowhere seen since the middle ages? Is he another Gregory VII.? Is he a pope? No,—Voltaire.

How is it that the power of the former had passed to the latter? Is it possible that the whole earth was the dupe of an evil genius, sent by hell? How is it that this man sat down without opposition upon the spiritual throne? Because, first of all, he did very often the work reserved in the middle ages for papacy alone. Wherever violence and injustice show themselves, I behold him smiting them with the anathema of the Spirit. What did he care whether the violence was named Inquisition, Saint Bartholomew, or Holy War? He placed himself upon a higher ground than the papacy of the middle ages. Having a sovereign sway over all sects, all forms of worship, it was the first time that ideal justice was seen scourging violence and lying wheresoever they appeared.

The Church (nobody denies it) had committed great faults; it was necessary that they should be sooner or later chas-

tised; and as they were crimes against the Spirit, it was necessary that she should be punished by the flagellations of the Spirit. Voltaire is the destroying angel sent by God against his sinful Church.

He shakes, with terrible laughter,\* the doors of the Church, which, placed by Saint Peter, had been opened for the Borgias. It is the laughter of the universal Spirit, which treats with disdain all particular forms, as so many deformities; it is the ideal sporting with the real. In the name of the mute generations which the Church ought to have consoled, he arms himself with all the blood she has shed, all the burning stakes, all the scaffolds she had raised, and which were sooner or later to fall back upon her. This irony, mingled with anger, does not belong to one individual or one single generation; it is re-echoed by the laughter of all the ill-used generations, of all the tortured dead, who remembering that they found upon earth violence instead of gentleness, the wolf instead of the pascal lamb, are, in their turn, convulsed with laughter, even at the bottom of their sepulchres!

What makes the anger of Voltaire a grand act of Providence, is, that he strikes, reviles and overwhelms the infidel Church, with the weapons of the Christian Spirit. Are not humanity, charity and brotherhood, sentiments revealed by the Gospel? He turns them with irresistible strength against the false doctors of the Gospel. The angel of wrath pours, from the Bible, sulphur and brimstone at once, amid the howling of the winds, upon the condemned cities; the spirit of Voltaire thus strides upon the surface of the divine city; he strikes at once with the fiery sword of sarcasm. He pours out the gall and embers of irony. When he is tired, a voice arouses him, crying, Go on! Then he begins again; he grows fierce; he buries what he has already undermined; he shakes down what he has already shaken; he dashes to shivers what he has already broken! For so long a task,

\* Isaiah, ch. xxviii., v. 11.

never interrupted and ever successful, is not the work of one individual; it is the vengeance of God deceived, who makes use of the irony of man as an instrument of wrath!

No, that man does not act of himself; he is guided by a superior power. At the very time he is overthrowing with one hand, he founds with the other; and this is the miracle of his destiny. He employs all his sarcastic faculties to overthrow the barriers of particular Churches; but there is another man within him, who, full of fervour, establishes upon the ruins the orthodoxy of common sense.

He feels at every nerve, falsehood, deceit and injustice, not only at a moment of time, but in every throb of mankind. The different Churches had founded Christian law only for themselves. Voltaire makes of Christian law the common law of humanity. Before him, they called themselves universal; and this universality was confined to the threshold of one communion, one particular church; whoever did not belong to it was beyond the Evangelical law. Voltaire wraps the whole earth in the law of the Gospel!

Where did that old man of eighty-four, I ask you, derive the strength to plead to his last hour for the families Cala, Sirven, Labarre, and so many men whom he did not know? Where did he learn to feel himself the contemporary of every century, and to be wounded in his inmost soul by some individual violence or other, perpetrated fifteen hundred years ago? What means that universal protestation every day against force, and that indignation which neither distance of space nor ages of ages are able to calm? What does that old man want, who has but breath, and who however makes himself the fellow-citizen, the advocate, the journalist, of all present and past societies?

Every morning he awakes, aroused and besieged by the cries of extinct generations and civilizations! Amid the tumult, the avocation of the eighteenth century, a cry, a single sigh uttered by Thebes, Athens, Ancient Rome, or the

Middle Ages, possesses, besieges and torments him; it even prevents him from sleeping! On the 24th of August, Saint Bartholomew's day, he has a fever! For him, history is not a science, but a crying reality. What is this strange instinct impelling this man to be everywhere sensible and present in the past? Whence comes this new charity which traverses time and space?

Tell me, I beseech you, what is this, if it be not the Christian Spirit itself, that Universal Spirit of the bond of union, of brotherhood and vigilance, living, feeling, and ever remaining in close communion with all present and past humanity? That is why the earth proclaimed that man as the living voice of humanity in the eighteenth century. They were not deceived by appearances; he tore up the dead letter, and let the universal spirit burst forth. That is why we proclaim him still.

But candidly, with what did they oppose him? What adversary ever attempted to wrestle with him? In the camp of the past, where was found a wrestler, who, to conquer Voltaire, would have been obliged to show himself more vigilant, more fervent, and more universal than he, in the cause of justice against force and violence?

In the hurried march of our century, dust has been raised to heaven under the feet of new generations; and some people have exclaimed joyfully, Voltaire has disappeared; he has perished in the gulf with all his renown! But this was one of the artifices of real glory; and ordinary souls alone are the dupes of them. The dust is laid again; the spirit of light, which they believed extinct, re-appears, and laughs at the false joy of darkness. Like one raised from the dead, he shines with purer splendour; and the age that in the beginning had muttered a denial, confirms in the end whatever is immortal in his genius.

The grand work of Voltaire is necessarily in relation with Catholicism; even in chastising it, Voltaire attacks it with its own weapons, history. For the tradition of the eighteenth



century to become the source of the future world, it was necessary that there should be a man who, arising from Protestantism, should represent, in the new work, the genius of dissenting Churches. That man was Rousseau.

The genius of the religious revolution of the sixteenth century is, in his person, mingled with the ferment of France. In order that the eighteenth century be divested of every appearance of sect, and be not a Roman Catholic revolution alone, but a Christian and universal revolution, this foreigner, Rousseau, must arise from the community of Luther, and bring among us something of the spirit of the doctor of Wittenburg. His weapons are those of the Reformation, not history, but logic, reasoning, individual authority, and incessant eloquence. By him, the soul of the revolution of the sixteenth century passes into the French Revolution; and he makes, even more than Voltaire, Rome irreconcilable with France. In the scepticism of the Vicar of Savoy, I discover no trace of grief. It is a scepticism of hope much rather than of error. He confesses himself very frankly, explains, and unfolds himself. In this doubt, I perceive a grand beginning of faith; the Vicar of Savoy trusts to future times to unravel what remains obscure to him. Properly speaking, he officiates upon the altar of the *Unknown God*. This is the first foundation-stone of a new society.

Will you see before your eyes the real image of scepticism? It is sometimes to be met with in our days: I mean by that, a scepticism that denies itself. Not daring even once to examine courageously the bottom of their souls, but casting at random over that incommensurable void an appearance, a shadow of credulity that is never more to be removed! Continuing all their life this trick of the mind with themselves, and wearing, night and day, a gilded mask even to the tomb! Doubting without even confessing to themselves that they doubt! And not allowing us to desire, seek, or expect anything else! What confusion! What an abyss! That supposes they despair of ever extricating themselves from it!

This nullity which denies itself appals me; I see nothing so miserable in all the eighteenth century.

Voltaire, Rousseau and Montesquieu are the triple crown of that new papacy which France showed to the earth. From the summit of the modern Vatican it speaks truly to the city and to the world, *urbi et orbi*. It does not address itself to the Roman race alone, it invites the great family of mankind; and the schismatics, whom papacy could never subdue, I mean the Germanic, Greek, and Slavonic, as well as the Latin people; the emperors and kings of nations, as well as the kings of the intelligence; the Guelphs as well as the Ghibellines, if any remain, submit to this orthodoxy of the universal spirit. Those whom neither Gregory VII., the successors of the emperors, Frederick the Great, Catherine, nor Joseph II., could subdue, now bend the knee! They have just discovered a superior power, which gives or takes away their crown! Like those primitive long-haired kings emerging from barbarism, they recognised the supreme seal of the spiritual power!

When France, agitating this tiara of modern times upon her brow, called the earth to the crusade, what did we see? Armies without either food, shoes, or clothing, arise from the furrow, real phantoms whom they expected to overthrow with one breath. For they had, on the other side, all the powers, and, in a manner of speaking, all the mandates of matter! But those pretended phantoms were the soldiers of the Spirit; those armies were the armies of the Spirit, and that is why they were as naked as the Spirit. The crusaders of the middle ages were not more so.

I was one day at the death-bed of one of the two representatives of the people who had been sent to defend the lines of Vissembourg; and this is what that old man said to me, at a moment when people do not exaggerate their thoughts; I shall never forget it: "It was we who set fire to the batteries. They were surprised at our calmness; there was no merit in it: *we knew very well that the cannon balls had no power over us.*" Is this the language of a missionary of materialism? I do not

doubt but there are, in the ecclesiastical body, men capable of dying for their faith ; but should we find, in these days, many representatives of Roman papacy, convinced, in front of an enemy's battery, not only that it is becoming to die honourably, but that cannon balls have no power over them ? This is very different.

Whence did those men derive that supernatural strength which savours of legends ? In the conscience of that social miracle, whose artizans they were. They found it in the same sentiment which urged the primitive missionaries of papacy among the barbarians ; those missionaries also, new converts, were sceptics, respecting all the pagan past ; but they were believers concerning all the future, which they embraced in anticipation.

In the triumvirate of Voltaire, Rousseau and Montesquieu, it would be impossible to say which is the particular idea that produced the heroism of the Revolution ; to speak truly, it was not one of their maxims nor even all together ; something more powerful still than all that was added to it. In the depth of the eighteenth century they foresaw the series of consequences, and, in a manner, all the series of new ages which were to arise from it, and for which they were responsible. The whole future arose within them, and throbbed in their hearts under the veil of the eighteenth century.

To-day they fancy themselves very strong against this spirit, in asking it for an account of its works. They show ostentatiously the cathedrals of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, and ask the new spirit to show those it has constructed. They insist upon seeing works of stone made by man, as if they no longer believed in anything else.

If papacy, still young, had been asked this question on the morrow of her accession, neither would she have shown her edifices of stone, but the works of the soul : the past subdued, paganism dethroned, barbarism tamed, the unity of the world prepared and foreseen, the earth for a moment at peace, slavery diminished—if not abolished,—and man relieved

from fate—such are the works she showed the world, when neither the Basilics of Saint Peter, Saint John de Latran, nor Saint Mary Major, yet existed, and when goats browsed in those fields of Rome where later was to arise the Vatican of Leo the Tenth.

Even so, the works of the new Spirit, which date but from yesterday, are works of life; they surround you, and because they are not of cement and stone, you do not see them! Charity extended to all minds;—a communion of nations in one law;—the executioner whom you, with M. de Maistre, made the bond of human association, now become its horror;—nations gradually drawn nearer to one another by the sympathy of one and the same cause, as they formerly were by hatred;—the dignity of every man saved and established upon the consciousness of the inward God;—slavery, so long maintained by the Church, first effaced by heresy;—the unity of humanity no longer only perceived but founded;—divine law passing from a few to all;—such is the new city now rising. It is already above ground; it envelopes you; and the blind still ask where are its towers, and its Basilics of marble and porphyry!

They hear nations meeting and calling to one another, and they inquire where are the workmen! They themselves, whatever they may say to the contrary, are inwardly moved, enlightened and made better; and yet they ask whether anything is doing in the world!

For my part, if, in the eighteenth century, I recognise the accession of a new spiritual direction, do not think I claim for it a new immutability. Let me not be accused of putting the infallibility of Voltaire in the place of the infallibility of Gregory VII. I do not pretend to retain humanity in the eighteenth century, more than in the eleventh. The spirit of either is powerful, on condition that it be developed, that is to say, explained by the progress of ages. They had excommunicated the eighteenth century in the name of the dead letter of philosophy. I have shown that the foundation of

that century is not a system, but a focus of spirit. Extend it then from this focus. Do not enter into that century of life to imprison yourself in it, but, on the contrary, to seek there a new life! The character of the great men who represent it, is to have been our harbingers: they want for their successors free minds, not slaves. You will honour them by not imitating them, that is, by doing what they were not able to do.

## EIGHTH LECTURE.

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### THE ROMAN CHURCH AND NATIONS.

JUNE 12, 1844.

ONE thing strikes the least attentive minds. The chiefs of political power, in the eighteenth century, the princes and kings, give way to the philosophical movement till the Revolution breaks out. At that sight, they turn round with violence; and one day leads them back to the middle ages. As much may be said of the Roman Church in the sixteenth century. She was following the progress of ages; without being alarmed, she complied with change; perhaps she was even about to make a decisive step. But Luther appeared, the Reformation broke out, and a terrible light flashed in the face of the Holy See. From that moment papacy drew back; she rejected with both hands the gift of the future; every day she plunged further into the past; and yet her cradle frightens her as much as a sepulchre.

The action of papacy is nowhere more visible than in Italy; it is there we must study her to possess her secret, since it is there she is completely mistress. This policy reposes upon a vast hope to which a whole nation complies.

From the beginning, we perceive that this nation will not share the destiny of others. An extraordinary expectation absorbs all her thoughts; scarcely does she begin, after the invasions under the administration of the Lombards, to take

the form of a nation, when a hand beckons to the stranger: it is that of papacy. The foreign power arrives, and destroys this sketch of Italian empire; with its ruins are formed, as with the fragments of the shield of Minerva, a number of petty states. They try to unite with one another; but the same genius re-appears, and, by its single presence, separates them.

As this genius has no material strength of itself, it is always obliged to call a foreign power to its assistance; so that it prevents the national power from developing itself, and finds itself incapable of succeeding it. At length, when, of all these petty states, there remains nothing but Florence, Clement VII., to finish this work, once more calls in the foreign power even against Florence, his native city; then Italian nationality perishes in its last refuge; and upon its ruins arises the absolute power of modern papacy.

How is it that there was not in the middle ages one general cry from the Alps to Calabria against this foreign power which prevented Italy from taking her place in the region of light? Historians have not explained it: it is because never had a more unbounded ambition been cherished by any nation. At the very moment they were being struck, these people believed, by sacrificing themselves, they should live again in the power which was to command the world; and if papacy had indeed kept her promises, this bringing the whole earth to the foot of the Vatican would perhaps have been a worthy price for the lost nationality of Italy.

Remark that in demanding of a whole race of men the absolute sacrifice of their temporal existence, they engaged themselves to reign spiritually over the universe; that alone could legitimate the disappearance of a whole nation. If they made a pedestal for themselves of her ruins, it was on condition that they should subjugate all humanity. This is what they were bound to do, since all the generations of Italy had abdicated one after the other upon this single promise.

Italy fulfilled the conditions of the contract; she engaged

herself to expire ; and she has kept her word. Has Rome kept hers ?

What would those generations of Guelphs say, (could they re-appear in these days,) who in all the cities of Italy disappeared in the middle ages from the face of the earth, convinced that, in abandoning their country to papacy, they were giving it to a power which held in its hand all the energy of the future ? They would see that power gradually pent up within its walls, and instead of recovering dissenting Greece, losing one after the other, Russia, Germany, Prussia, Sweden, the British Islands and a part of France ; by casting a glance across the ocean, they would see the most vital half of a new world, which, without any hope of reconciliation, has escaped from Rome ; and, turning their eyes upon Europe again, they would find even Spain in commotion. What would those generations say then ? That is easy to imagine.

Is that the sacred policy for which a whole people has been willing to disappear from the earth ? Italy consented to live upon a Calvary ; she has suffered a Passion of eight centuries ! She has been scourged by all the soldiers who passed by her road ; for you had promised that this Passion would enable the Christ of the Vatican to reign by your means. Instead of that, we find, almost everywhere in face of you, another Church which we did not know. Whilst you remain where you were, other spiritual powers have arisen ; and you are much less advanced in your victory than at the time when we consented to disappear to become your footstool. We sacrificed ourselves, and that has been of no use to you. You have deceived yourselves in your expectations ; by deceiving yourselves, you have ruined us and our children and their children's children !

These sentiments were expressed with extraordinary force by the great writers of Italy in the middle ages, who preserve the true national tradition. As long as there remained any hope of saving Italy from suicide, we hear powerful voices which conjure her to stop. If the policy of the popes be



indeed sacred policy, a nation plunges for her into the gulf and disappears; that is sublime and perfectly Christian. But, on the contrary, if this policy have, like the others, only a precarious and temporary value, if it be not eternally divine, what an irremediable error!

Now this doubt began to arise in the mind as early as the thirteenth century. Hence those terrible cries of Dante, which were re-echoed in Petrarch and Boccaccio, and, at last, in Machiavel!\* Dante especially makes superhuman efforts to rescue his country from the illusion! Never did either Luther or the Reformation speak in more violent terms of papacy. To drag Italy from her chimera, Dante wishes to cast her into the arms of the emperor. Machiavel enters into a league with every vice and virtue of barbarism, to rouse her from her slumber. But the die is cast, and Italy goes on, entering deeper and deeper into her dream of universal popedom; she is no longer Italian; she becomes cosmopolite, in order to abandon herself more effectually.

And when everything is consummated, towards the end of the fifteenth century, we must listen to the language of the

\* "Since some are of opinion that the success of the affairs of Italy depends upon the Church of Rome, I want to oppose to them a few reasons which occur to me, and I will allege two principal ones which do not contradict each other. The first is, that through the bad example of that court, this province has lost all piety and all religion: which produces infinite disorders; because we suppose that good exists wherever religion is, and evil where it is not. We other Italians are then under this obligation to the Church, to have fallen into irreligion and corruption; but we are also under a still greater one, which is the cause of our ruin. It is that the Church has kept and keeps this province divided; papacy, not being powerful enough to occupy Italy, and not having permitted any other to do so, the result has been that the latter has not been able to be reduced to one head, but she has been divided among several princes and masters: a source of so much discord and weakness, that she has at length become the prey, not only of powerful barbarians, but of whoever attacks her; and we other Italians are indebted for this to the Church, and to her alone."—*Machiavel.*

new generations of writers who speak in the name of the Church. Instead of the triumph which she expected to share with papacy, Italy feels herself a prisoner of war. What do her most generous writers, the Savonarolas and Campanellas, those who sincerely desire to see her liberated, then say to her? Do you know what new kind of remedy they propose for so many evils, in the name of the Church that made them? Nothing is more incredible and yet more logical. Savonarola, that evangelical tribune, sees no other remedy than to suffer still more. Let Italy expect nothing from the earth nor from herself! Let her allow herself to be scourged and crucified by all nations; let her take for her escutcheon the sanguinary crucifix! Let her die voluntarily, and descend without defence, like Lazarus, into the sepulchre! Such is then this policy of the Church.

To console Italy for her misery, they advise her to be more miserable! Well! Italy follows this advice of her Church; for a century and a half she is precisely that lifeless martyr required by Savonarola. She descends into the sepulchre as much as a nation possibly can. She allows herself to be smitten by all who come to visit her. The seventeenth century at length arrives; let us see, after her passive obedience, what the new writers, inspired by the Church of regeneration, will now say to her.

Chiabrera, Filicaja, those real poets, are of one mind with the Holy See. They have steeped their poetry in the ferment of the religious reaction. What word of life will they pronounce? At least, they will, doubtless, consider that the measure of ills is full, and that it is time to think of allowing their people to partake of the regeneration and triumph of the Church:—nothing of the kind.

The martyr policy of Savonarola is a season of mirth compared with the promises of Chiabrera and Filicaja. Peruse again these confidants of the new Italian Church; the same word perpetually returns for Italy: which is, she must utterly die. *Suffer, miserable, suffer!* cries out the pious Filicaja to

her: *be a slave or die! reflect and choose!* Not one word more among these prophets of death.

Still, there is at least in these words an echo of biblical hatred, the grating noise of a dead body being cast into the sepulchre. This vigorous contempt conceals, perhaps, a remnant of national life. But, when later, accompanied with funeral dirges, this sort of burial of a nation continues down to our time, without your ever hearing a single chaunt of regeneration uttered by the Church, what do we see? The kingdom of Italy, raised for a moment by Napoleon, falls prostrate again; and the writers inspired by the Church of Rome, such as Manzoni and Silvio Pelico, resign themselves, without even uttering a complaint; grief for the disappearance of Italy is no longer in them the lively exaltation of Savonarola; they consider everything has been consummated for ages.

Such then is the summary of this history. A social contract is formed between the Roman Church and Italy. The former promises the latter the universal supremacy of the mind as a compensation for her ruin. Italy accepts; the ruin is accomplished; but the end is not attained. There is, in the world, one great nation less; and papacy, faithless in her promise, reclines, without remorse, upon that vast region of death which extends from the Alps to Calabria.

It is impossible to behold such a sight without deriving some lesson from it, at least for ourselves. All this springs from one general cause, that is to say, from the profound contempt which the Roman Church nourishes and entertains for nationalities. She presided for ages, without uttering a complaint, over the dissolution of Italy; in our days, she has witnessed, with the same impassibility, the fall of Poland. Perhaps one cry, proceeding from the Vatican, might have saved her; but she never conceived the idea of uttering that cry which would have made the earth leap for joy. Far from having the slightest presentiment that Greece would awake from her slumber, M. de Maistre has dared to repeat that the

greatest evil for her would be perhaps to escape from slavery. So extraordinary an impassibility proceeds from one general principle.

How many times do we not hear, even in France, words which come to this: The State, and France, that is to say our native country, are precarious and fleeting things in comparison with us, ecclesiastical power, who, as such, are eternal. They grow proud of their eternity, and mercifully grant to their country the favour of rapid time; they dole out to her the years and hours, reserving to themselves the ages of ages; and it is easy to see that, in this dispensation, they resign themselves beforehand to survive, without too much grief, that country, that France, and those ephemeral people, whom they contemplate from the pinnacle of their immutability.

To despise nationalities, is nothing else but to despise life in its deepest source. Whence come those original forms which nations receive from their very cradle? They are like the seal of the Creator. Who saw them arise? Who told you that those characters were less sacred than the seal of the Vatican? Who has touched that divine mould in which the great human families are cast? The nationality of a people is to them what conscience is to man. When the Church supported herself, not upon theories, but upon vitality itself, did she ever dream of withdrawing herself from the bosom of nations, who are the real vessels of the Eternal? The Hebrew prophets threatened Jerusalem; but in her ruin they foresaw her new-birth; their lamentation was mingled with joy.

The nationality of France is the fruit of all generations;—of her language, whose roots are lost in an obscurity as profound as that you boast of;—of each of the acts of Providence at every moment of her past ages, even before she had a history;—of that mysterious baptism which every nation receives, on the banks of an unknown Jordan, upon entering into life;—of her combats, her defeats and her victories, for a cause the seed of which she received, and which grows with her.

France, the patient work of God, was before you were what

you still are ! Without troubling yourselves any more about what you will do when she will be no more, take care only lest she survive you !

For if the Church separate herself from the intimate consciousness of living societies, it is inevitable that, in the same proportion, these societies separate from her. The social ideal which the Roman Church offers to Southern nations is a vast cosmopolitanism in which every national personality becomes dissolved. Italy, the first of the nations of the Roman race, fell into the snare ; she embraced that cosmopolitanism, thinking that all the world was about to follow her ; but the nations on the contrary, being determined to preserve their own life, as a gift of God, the consequence is, that she has been stifled by those inviolable persons called nations. Let us not imitate the example of a people of our race ; we should infallibly share the same fate.

The real ideal of sacred policy (and it is in this that modern Rome disowns it) is not to sacrifice nationality to humanity, but much rather to conciliate them both, developing them by each other. A considerable number of persons, unwittingly obedient in this to the genius of the Roman Church, proclaim among us an abstract cosmopolitanism ; it is time to vindicate the rights of life. To serve the cause of humanity is not for a nation to consent voluntarily to be attenuated before all the others, since, if every one realized this ideal, it would follow that life decreasing everywhere at once, humanity would at length end in a perfect nullity.

To co-operate in the real unity of the human race, is, on the contrary, for every nation to unfold herself to the extent of her genius, and to act for all by living with all her faculties. Any nation that withdraws from the struggles and dangers of existence, that does not occupy in the moral and social world the place which God has entrusted to her care, that does not perform her entire task, such a nation sins, not only against herself, but against mankind, not only against the past, but against the future ; she obliges herself beforehand to redeem

these moments of inanity by future treasures of courage and life.

Whilst they are speaking of that abstract humanity, the danger and the type of which are, for all the nations of Roman origin, at Rome, do you not see, on the contrary, powerful and courageous nationalities springing forth everywhere, founded upon national Churches, in Prussia, Germany, England, and the whole Slavonic race led by the Slavonic Pope, the Emperor? It is sufficient to cross our frontiers to perceive this ferment of indigenous minds: each of these new nations carries her own Church with her.

As to Spain, do they wish to know how she has kept her nationality? If she has not been so far led astray as to abdicate like Italy, she owes it to a horrible cause. Would it be believed that the Inquisition is what has preserved in her the spirit of race? Nothing is more certain. By making himself more Catholic than Rome, the King of Spain remained the source of his Church for the nation; they were too much taken up with their dread of the King, to think of the Pope; the national stake preserved, for three hundred years, the nationality of Spain, in spite of Ultramontanism.

Then let us not abandon ourselves to the enervating fascination of that false ideal which, from the summit of the Vatican, hovers over all the Roman race; it is enough that a great people has perished in the expectation of a deceitful promise which everything has contradicted; the experiment having been consummated, the sacrifice will not be renewed.

The political theory of Rome consists in confining the focus of divine and social life to one single point, the Vatican, whence it is communicated to the rest of the world; and, on the contrary, we feel more and more distinctly that this focus is in the heart of every race of men, and every nation. This is why, as soon as a nationality is oppressed, there escapes from France a cry of pain, as if she felt herself wounded in a vital part of the universal Church; for the Church of France is not only confined to the Vatican. M. de Maistre's Pope may be able to

maintain us in communion with the Latins ; but this is not sufficient for us ; we want to be in communion with all mankind.

You rush in all haste beyond our frontiers, and leave the Alps far behind you ; you go on still further to seek your altar ; at length you enter an enclosure on the bank of the Tiber ; then you stop and say : Here is the Church of France ! You are mistaken. The Church of France is in France !

We can understand that, in the middle ages, when the conscience of nations was not yet formed, there might be an outward spiritual power, which, upon the ruins of Rome, taught the world, in every circumstance, what it ought to love or hate. But in these days, France bears within herself her spiritual direction, her living papacy ; her Church is no longer under the care of a guardian. In order to achieve deeds of a universal order, she no longer waits till the order comes to her from the Vatican ; she takes counsel directly with Providence, manifested in the universal conscience of mankind ; she herself pronounced, when it was needed, her own, "*It is the will of God.*" Upon this principle, her nationality, her own life, is to-day sacred to us. Nations are no longer the mute disciples of the spiritual power ; that power has passed into them, and being inviolable, it has communicated to them its own inviolability.

These ideas obtain a singular evidence, if you consider the part played by the Church amid the events which changed the world towards the beginning of this century. The relations between Napoleon and papacy contain, in this respect, an inexhaustible lesson.

Under his Consulship, when he was the manifest organ of universal opinion, he re-established the Catholic Church in her rights : everybody applauded. Later, in proportion as he strays from the new spirit, he attempts something else ; he wants to fill up the void of his empire ; and, for that end, what does he do ? He carries away the pope from Rome, as formerly they carried off a divinity of stone or bronze ; he brings him to the centre of his power ; that is, he attempts to do for

Catholicism what Henry VIII. had done for Protestantism. The more violence the Emperor employs to attract this power to his side and envelope it in the laity, the more he shows the importance he attaches to it. If he had succeeded in this invasion of papacy, what would have happened? France at length would ultimately have been the representative of Catholicism in the world: that would have been the flag by which the world would have recognised her.

But the religion she had embraced was more vast; accordingly, this alliance, which was to have been indissoluble, is broken up by the very nature of things. The emperor has councils which last but a day; they sign contracts which are broken on the morrow. Impossibilities arise on every side: Rome and France both shudder under that hand which endeavours to confound them. The former casts her anathema; the latter separates from her; and Napoleon understands at St. Helena that that Church, that spiritual power which he sought beyond the mountains, was all alive at his side, in the consciousness of nations.

Then we see a thing which overthrows all the ideas admitted till then upon the Holy See. As soon as ever Napoleon begins to totter, the pope passes over to the side of the conquerors! But who are those conquerors? Heretics, Schismatics, Prussia, England, and Russia! Thus the Roman Church espouses heresy; and in order that all contradictions be joined in one, this compound, which would have made the popes of the middle ages shudder with horror, is called the Holy Alliance!

Incredible! It is Schismatics, the emperor of Russia, the king of Prussia, and the ministers of England, who exalt papacy. Then is discovered an astonishing fact. For the first time in the Christian world, the immense questions which had shaken the world, had passed, as one may say, over the head of papacy. The Schismatic States treat the Roman Church no longer as a living being, dangerous to them, but as a thing of abstraction, which enters into the



calculation of diplomacy. People perceive that the earth had been shaken for half a century, and that papacy had ceased to be the centre and end of this universal movement. She appears no more, amid this grand overthrow of modern things, but as a party, a sect of Christianity.

In the Congress of Vienna and Verona, where the fate of the world is decided, what is the part she plays? She is represented by her legates, but another presides over them. I ask myself how the representative of such men as Gregory VII. and Innocent III. could, without despair, find himself obscurely confounded among the *chargés d'affaires*, and the plenipotentiaries of heresy. In these assemblies, which are about to decide upon the condition of mankind, what people does popedom save and protect? Amid those solemn debates, for whom does she speak, when all the world is listening? She is only occupied about her material possessions.

In order to remind people of the mission she fulfilled in the middle ages, does she plead for the feeble? Does she think of Ireland, Greece, Bohemia, Hungary, or any other oppressed country, when one word falling from above upon the table of the Plenipotentiaries of Vienna might have changed everything? Do not ask her that; her sight is absorbed by one spot of ground: she thinks only of Romagna! But at least she pleads for those whom it is impossible to forget—the conquered? On the contrary, she sees Catholic France prostrate; and she instantly demands of the heretical, powers to seize the opportunity to snatch a province from France and give it to her.\*

It is the Schismatics who prevent this murder! That is to say, she sees the Samaritan covered with wounds upon the highway, and not only she does not succour and comfort him, but she has but one fixed idea, which is to rob him!

Has anybody ever heard that, amid the avidity of those

\* The *Quatre Concordats*, v. iii. p. 93, by M. de Pradt, formerly Archbishop of Malines.

victorious princes, the prince of the Church ever influenced the discussion by one of those grand effusions of universal charity, which would, in a moment, have restored to him a moral authority?

Does he take advantage of the exaltation of their minds, that natural magnanimity which follows victory, to remind those princes of their oaths towards their people? This was assuredly his task. The prince of schism, the Emperor Alexander, is said to have shown some traits of this greatness of soul. But nothing of the sort is said of Rome.

When there is any question of re-modelling the law of nations, is it Rome that proposes the abolition of slavery? These questions are debated in the universal conscience; but the universal Church does not think of them. But at least the cry of blood will restore her to her mission? When political scaffolds are raised amid perishable passions, does Rome raise her voice in the name of eternal clemency? Does she place herself between the scaffold and the world, too irritated to be impartial? Do Ney, Murat, all those brave men, pursued by the anger of the age, find a refuge in Rome? Does she, by extending her hand over them, save their very judges from an eternal regret? No, a thousand times no: amid all that, Rome sees only Rome! And France cannot forget it.

Ah! then was one of those opportunities which do not happen twice, and by which are judged, as at a last tribunal, all the great powers both of the Church and of the world. The earth still reeking with bloody battle-fields, nations retiring panting from the struggle, France in despair, the conquerors astounded, Napoleon alone and pensive in his island, the universe plunged into an immense expectation, and amid this medley of desolation and pride, papacy, that power of heaven, blessing from above the city and the world, especially occupied in caring for those who suffer, healing the wounds of crippled nations, claiming their salary for them at the end of so terrible a day, remembering that France is the eldest

daughter of the Church, calling her from the sepulchre, re-animating her with her sacred breath on the morrow of Waterloo, and especially imploring, night and day, for him whom she had cursed in a day of anger, for the great prisoner of Saint Helena, not allowing an hour's sleep to the kings till they had put an end to that iniquitous torture, and, at last, breaking in the name of the Christian power the chains of Longwood which all the princes of the earth had forged; what a mission would not this have been, if it had only been proposed! What a grand sight! It is thus the popes had formerly done for King Richard! What a manifestation, what a splendid revelation of spiritual authority! Where is the man who would not have been struck and moved by it in his inmost heart, at the sight of that Prometheus delivered from the vulture by the Christian Hercules? I know nobody, for my part, blind enough not to have bowed his knee!

But when we have remained inferior to these divine opportunities, they never return! Then what remains to be done? It is necessary to try, by underhand contrivances, to get back the world which they had not been able to recover by the flash of the spirit, and amid the acclamations of the universe! They must then use artifices, speak a double language, what more?—Why, do all that they are now doing!\*

Besides, since papacy renounced, at a solemn moment, what we must needs call the spiritual government of mankind, this is an inheritance that cannot remain vacant. In the dismembering of the spiritual authority, it is absolutely necessary that an authority should be formed, the effect of which may be felt by every nation. The Christian world is

\* Why do they speak of Catholic policy? They have lost the signification of this word, which we are obliged to restore; they understand by it all the rancour and schisms of the past. If we listened to them, the question would be to muster the States, and divide them according to the banner of their visible Church. But that combat is ended, and will not again be raised. A truly Catholic policy is not Roman, but universal; this is just the contrary of that which they propose.

accustomed to be ruled by the public voice; it cannot entirely dispense with this invisible conductor.

The first assemblies of the French Revolution had evidently this idea. What is the declaration of the rights of man by the Constituent Assembly but a confession of canonical faith, manifested in the name of France, not only to a particular country, but to the whole earth? Had a speech of Mirabeau at that time much less efficacy than a bull? The nations whose speech is truly emancipated are made to serve as an organ to all, and to plead for one another.

Our political assemblies will then only ascend to the height at which they ought to aim when they are conscious of being an organ of the new spiritual power. Till then we shall possess brilliant orators who will often delight the ear; but, without their knowing how, their skilful language will have lost its way to the soul; it will no longer reach the bottom of the mind; and they will be quite astonished, after so many speeches, that nations do not retain one syllable of them.

Either these powers will disappear in the decline of the West, or a day will come when nobody will any longer make a private amusement of public speech, when nobody, at a serious moment, will ascend the tribunal without feeling an inward trembling, as if he had the whole earth for his auditory; and he will really have it. Then, speech will become true and living again, and will govern the world as it did in the middle ages. Fictitious formulas will give place to spontaneous inspiration. Anathemas uttered by the public conscience will resound from nation to nation, and chastise, as did formerly the bulls of the Vatican, both violence and deceit. Either the speech of Christian nations is but an empty sound, or it must ultimately become all that.

The question is not to overthrow the Catholic city, but most assuredly to realize it.

You are present at interminable debates upon public education. The discussions are learned and eloquent; every body understands that a vital point is at stake; they are

contesting beforehand for generations which are not. How is it, that, after so many clever speeches, nobody has yet said that the true education of a country of free discussion is the permanent spectacle of its policy, that all school influences are inferior to that, and that it is superlatively useless to hope anything from an obscure modification of instruction, if, first of all, you do not ameliorate, mend, and correct that omnipotent and irresistible instruction, which speaks and bursts forth every day in facts and in the political tribune?

How can they expect us to introduce here the life of Christianity into literature and philosophy, if this grand idea does not appear elsewhere, where it might shine forth in the reality of the law for France and for the world? How can they expect us to teach here that all the moral dignity of modern man is in his mind, if the public powers, on the contrary, acknowledge only riches.

We say this, in our narrow sphere, because we think so. We are believed as long as we are speaking, but, soon overpowered again by the splendid denial which the instruction of political life gives us, how many hearts are there strong enough to remain faithful to the truth of which they are here conscious! Must there be a doctrine for the sons, and another for the fathers? How long is it that the life of a nation has been thus divided? The future is coming to put an end to these contradictions.

If our doctrines be true for science, law, literature, and philosophy, they must also necessarily be so for polity, considered in a general manner.

I have established that there exist in our days two spiritual powers: one real, which is in the conscience of nations, the other apparent, which shows itself in the Vatican. Whenever the former is silent for some reason or other, the latter takes the opportunity to re-appear, and threatens to invade everything.

Will you then sincerely resist the domination of Roman papacy? I do not propose to you to copy what Napoleon

did, to carry off the material person of papacy : I propose to you only to remain faithful to our tradition, to carry away from modern Rome the spirit which, at holy periods, caused her greatness and universality.

It is not a man you must carry away, but a spirit ; and I have demonstrated that, since the last century, it has passed to our side.

You fear the pope ; there is a way to dispossess him without insulting him as our kings did in the middle ages. Be, in the management of the world, more Christian, more universal than he ; have towards nationalities that charity which he has not had. Try some day to raise up the dead he has made ! Open the gates of the city of life, and no longer for a small number of predestined only. Spain has been the right arm of Rome, be then the right arm of humanity. In one word, try a policy more elevated, more sacred and more divine than that of the pope ; you will legitimately inherit his strength, and you will fear him no more : it is a sure way to conquer him without fighting.

## NINTH LECTURE.

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### THE ROMAN CHURCH AND THE UNIVERSAL CHURCH.

JUNE 19, 1844.

DURING the pontificate of Urban VIII., an Italian poet, Pallavicini, conceives a singularly bold idea; in a poetic whim, he imagines Christ, in his heavenly kingdom, repenting of his alliance with the Roman Church. Saint Paul descends upon earth to repudiate her. After the celestial divorce, other Churches take the bridal veil; but they are all rejected one after the other. Rather than espouse any particular Church, Christ prefers to remain in eternal widowhood.

The author of this apocalyptic work was living in safety at Venice, under the protection of the Republic. A young poet among his friends proposed to him that they should take a poetical trip together in the direction of France. They accordingly started; having arrived at the frontier, they turned aside to visit Avignon, the city of the popes. Hardly had they entered the town when the friend threw off the mask. He was a spy of the Roman Inquisition. Pallavicini was cast into prison, and beheaded in 1644.

This history explains why Christianity disappears almost entirely from works of the imagination in Italy during the two last centuries. The most sincere believer must always have feared lest he should not appear enough so in a work of fancy.

I perceive with astonishment that, in modern times, the Roman Church has lost, in literature, the sentiment of her own poetry, together with the ideal of Christianity. The cardinals and popes write plenty of verses; but this frivolous amusement has no longer anything in common with the solemn inspirations of the middle ages. What has become of the fiery accents of Saint Ambrosius and Saint Paulin, which were added to the liturgy? Urban VIII. writes pagan verses to the *Cavalier Berni*. Instead of the *Stabat Mater* or the *Salutaris hostia*, the princes of the Church compose mythological sonnets, at the time when Luther is thundering the *Te Deum* of the Reformation: Our God is a strong tower, *ein feste Burg ist unser Gott!*

At Rome, Christianity is considered as exhausted by Dante and Tasso; thence proceeds the almost official sway of the mythology of Marini, the author of *Adonis*, the poet of the Holy See, of Urban VIII., Alexander VII., Gregory XV., and Cardinal Ludovico. Disavowing, at the same time, the nature of the Gospel and of poetry, they ultimately persuade themselves that one has nothing in common with the other. They give their imagination to Paganism, and their faith to Christianity; that is to say, they break up the unity of inward life.

The Christian sentiment is brought back into poetry by heretics: by Milton in the *Paradise Lost*, by Voltaire in *Zaire*, by Klopstock in the *Messiah*. And when, in the beginning of the present century, M. de Chateaubriand completes the overthrow of the pagan ideal, and restores Christianity to the possession of man entirely, in spirit, heart and imagination, what is it they then do? O lesson plainer than light itself! They lay an interdict upon the author of the *Genius of Christianity!*

During the old age of Louis XIV., discussions upon Jansenism and Molinism\* were seen gradually to absorb the

\* See "*Priests, Women and Families*," by J. Michelet.—C. C.



attention of France. This was at first a source of astonishment for some of the geniuses of that time; they could not understand how people could give such matters an attention which they no longer gave either to the petty revolutions in the favours and spirit of the court, or to ministerial changes. France persevered, because all the seed of the eighteenth century was contained in these religious discussions; for, in the Jansenists and Molinists, the first early signs appeared of that change which was about to burst forth in the spirit and in the affairs of nations. Even so, in our own time, in that ferment of religious discussions which now invade the world, I say that a new future, a new order of things, is stirring, and that it is the duty of all well-disposed men to work to prepare its advent.

Those who have been the most surprised by this irruption of religious questions are those who make an exclusive profession of political life. When we first signalized these new symptoms, many exclaimed that we were resisting a phantom; but when all Europe interfered, it was absolutely necessary to admit the evidence.

They firmly believed the universe was entirely absorbed for ever by the spectacle of petty personal struggles and tribunal rivalry; but, instead of abandoning ourselves any longer to such vile questions, it is already a progress to turn towards something else.

For, we must not believe that everything is false or vicious in the efforts of those who make war against us. After such things as the events of this century, the Revolution and Napoleon, an overpowering weariness is always ready to seize upon the human soul, as soon as ever she is left unoccupied. God has accustomed her to fearful shocks, and she can no longer pass under the yoke of petty thoughts; having been enlarged by the education she has received from facts, she requires grand objects, even for amusement. Now, tell me, where is moral life to-day? Who develops it? Who attaches himself to it, or, rather, who is there that does not

work hard to extinguish it? One would think such is to-day the watch-word, which, descending from above, rules all our society.

Such a situation of things could not escape the intelligence of men who think they have the privilege of religious affairs : they saw the human soul abandoned, empty and defenceless ! And they said : 'Tis well ! Now is the time to seize her.

A stronger reason than any I have hitherto shown was joined to the others. They had appeared to believe that, thanks to the every-day accumulated wonders of industry, and to the delights with which the earth is being adorned, the human soul, being seduced, would forget her immortality. Well, in spite of all this magic of the earth enriched by human art, this instinct of immortal life protests ; it rises, as if started from its slumber. Man seeks his bond, not only with humanity, but with the eternal city ; amid the prodigies of the age, he had forgotten that he must die ! He now remembers it, and seeks, in death, a living communion with every mind. Such is the serious feeling which forms the basis of the religious movement of our time ; and let them say as they will, it makes nations uneasy.

The lower orders themselves feel sure that you might cover them with silver and gold in vain ; something would still be wanting. Their souls are often greater than those of kings, and they know it ; it would not be sufficient for them to wear the crown here below ; they want moreover to reign in eternal life.

What is the instinct of immortality, but a moral life, which, accumulated in the present, overflows in the future ?

Do not hope to deceive this sentiment by any political satisfaction or social combination ; it bears in itself its own demonstration ; it is the axiom of a superior science. Though it were stifled to-day, it would burst forth again to-morrow. Neither cunning nor habit constitute alone the strength of the Roman Church. Her power is that invincible charm of immortality, that ever-springing fountain of eternal religion.

The Church seems to have preserved, all alone, amid the civil world, the ancient formula of calling the soul forth from the sepulchre. All the strength of the Ultramontane reaction is here.

Many minds come over to this side, attracted by an unquenchable thirst of life; but those who, possessing this decoy, transmit death alone instead of life, have received their name from St. Paul; he calls them *stealers of men*!

If philosophy, by being silent about these questions, thought that, in the meantime, the human mind would forget them, she was mistaken, and her timidity has been of no use to her. Behold her now engaged by honour to enter upon a new epoch, without which, nations would soon be more advanced than the doctors. It is true, this question is not resolved by books alone; it is by an inward impulse that immortality is awakened. Will you not only believe it, but feel it? Fill your mind with grand overflowing thoughts and noble projects, and you will have the anticipated conscience of future life; you will possess it beforehand. On the contrary, give yourself up to petty passions and narrow interests; you will then hunt among all official demonstrations, and accept every catechism in vain; you may indeed promise yourself immortality mechanically with your lips; but in that extenuated moral life which you have formed for yourself, the present consciousness of future life will always fail you. What is the use of eternity, when the soul, such as you have made it, does not even fill present time?

The worst would be to hope to overcome a religious philosophical and political system, by combating cunning by cunning. Others will always be our masters in that warfare. We can only gain the day by opposing to our adversaries, whoever they may be, a more exalted idea, a more universal Christianity, a more equitable society, a more entire immortality. It is not sufficient to deny questions, to make them disappear: that is the spirit of the past; the question is to establish an order superior to that which is opposed to us: this is the spirit we believe we see arising.

I have said that the Roman Church disavows nationalities ; we must add, she distrusts them. Observe what is passing in Catholic Europe ; you will soon discover this considerable fact, that the Church is everywhere treating the nations as suspected, that she is aspiring to separate from them, and no longer to trust to anything but Rome for support. We did not require eminent confessions to know that in France the French Church no longer exists but in name.

Even in Spain, where the clergy were till then so deeply incorporated in the nation, every voice which is audible repeats in its turn the same cry : Rome. The Bishop of the Canaries, in the work he has just published, places the new independency of the Spanish Church in absolute servitude with regard to Rome. This man, of real merit, incapable of assuming a mask of liberty, betrays the secret of the ecclesiastic coalition, when he pronounces a word which they take good care not to repeat here. " Nobody is ignorant," says he, " that the French Revolution is an invention of hell."\* Gærres, in Germany, in the name of the clergy of Bavaria, becomes the echo of the Bishop of the Canaries.

At the very moment I am speaking, one may say that all the Catholic clergies of Northern and Southern Europe are violently dispossessing those national characters which, in past times, had constituted their safeguard, and that they are concentrating in Rome in order to combat in concert the spirit of each of their nations in particular, and the spiritual unity of the nineteenth century in general.

This disorder does not date from to-day ; in the two last centuries the pope had quarrelled with all the States of his

\* It is singular that in this anathema against the French Revolution, the Bishop of the Canaries pretends to be countenanced by the sentiment of M. De Tocqueville, the author of *Democracy in America* : " Nadie ignora ya que la revolucion Francesa fue, como la llama el mismo autore, invencion de Satanas." *Independencia constante de la Iglesia Hispana*, 1843, p. 355 ; Don Judas José Romo, Obispo de Canarias.

communion. Is that the unity which they accused the French Revolution of having destroyed? That unity was the very worst species of anarchy.

The weakest princes have protected the spirit of modern society. Do they then sincerely hope that nations will to-day give up, by surprise, what kings knew how to defend yesterday? Can they believe it?

The clergy do not see that by separating from nationalities, they are separating from their principle of life. For, during two centuries, they have followed the people; they no longer precede them. In the eighteenth century, when society was sceptical, the clergy were also, together with the Cardinal Dubois. The world, after its great commotion, returns towards God; the clergy immediately follow; and they try to communicate instantly to Rome that life which they have exhaled in the hearts of nations; so that it is society which restores life to the Church, and no longer the Church to society. Rome resembles very little what the ecclesiastical writers on this side of the mountains imagine; if they succeeded one day in being inspired only with the soul of the Vatican, they would be astonished to perceive how averse that inanimate soul is to any noise. There is a government in the world personified by Sixtus V.; to arrive at power, this man, of an iron constitution, exhausts himself in feigning that he is dying; he acts his dying agony for seven years, and seems to be expiring at every breath; for, says he, they like dying men for popes: *Che si fanno papa i moribondi*. If the churches were only one day, all alone, without their people, face to face with a power which establishes for itself a law of death, would they not regret, before night, the sun and the fountain of the living?

In this duel which they pretend to establish between the Church and nations, if Rome has not nationalities for her, has she at least humanity? The dissenters will unite, say you. But what surety have I? What! without your making a single step, without your rising any higher, the half of Chris-

tendom that has abandoned you, is about to alter its mind ; and, without any achievement on your side, you will accomplish to-day, in your old age, what you found impossible in all the fervour of another age ! But where are the tokens of such an extraordinary thing ? Where are those dissenting nations which are turning back ? I see them, on the contrary, marching head foremost towards the future ; whence I conclude that we must seek somewhere else than in you for the supreme reconciliation ; and all I can say is, that I fear lest, in this immutability, you remain insulated from nationalities and from humanity altogether.

In this situation of the world, some writers in the North, particularly in Germany, could not help uttering a cry of joy, upon seeing what they call the decline of the nations of Roman extraction, absorbed in the decay of the Roman Church. They went too fast, and this vulture-cry betrayed them. They hoped that this race of men was about to be crushed under the weight of Ultramontanism, and that their own was about to succeed to the inheritance. By that anti-Christian, anti-philosophical joy, they have shown that, all dejected as France may seem, her mission has not yet been borrowed by any body. No one among us ever rejoiced over the death of a people, and still less of a race of men. We have sympathized as much with dissenting Greece as with Catholic Ireland ; and the disappearance of a nation, if it were possible, would seem to us a calamity for ourselves. This is why the world knows that France, such as she is, can alone pronounce the social word, able to restore Italy, Spain, Portugal, Ireland, Bohemia, and Hungary, all those fragments fallen from the crown of the popes.

See how much more faith we put in the spirit than Rome ! Whilst she boasts to survive every city, our faith is that every Christian nation is immortal. Each of them may perhaps feel weak for a moment ; but they contain within themselves the principle which prevents them from decaying even in the sepulchre.

It is true we do not believe that the way to save these na-

tions is to oppress them with the stone of the ancient Church ; we believe that a new word of life, pronounced by a free nation, is alone able to break the seal of the tomb. For, if the Roman Church has been able to say she is the incorruptible body of Christ, we extend that to all humanity regenerated by the spirit ; and we do not admit that a single people, a living member of Christ, can remain eternally nailed upon the cross and the Golgotha of history, without ever having their day of resurrection.

What people had ever plunged more deeply into death than the Greek nation ? It was not only crucified, but sealed in the sepulchre ; another race of men, of a different religion, was watching, that the stone might not be rolled away. Rome no longer prayed for that defunct people ! they were abandoned by him who ought eternally to pray for all. Travellers, and Byron himself, were all deceived ; they listened attentively, but heard no sound.

But that law was to be observed, according to which we do not see in Christianity, as in Paganism, nations once overthrown never rising again. Under those ashes, the spirit was living we know not where ! Riga translates the *Marseillaise* ; the soul of new France silently circulates with this song from hill to dale ; it extends and enlarges ; and (O day eternally sacred for me !) I was permitted to arrive in 1829 with the French army upon those shores of death, just in time to see the miracle accomplished. Near a bloody cross, New Greece arose out of the earth. My hands touched the hands of those who had saved a people ; my eyes saw, under the form of a nation, a Lazarus, who, after having laid in the sepulchre for three centuries, at the call of France came forth tottering from the Corinth and Athens of St. Paul !

Now, this resurrection was accomplished upon a schismatic people, in order that all the world might see that Rome has lost the privilege of miracles. Again the miracle was performed, not for Greece alone, but for the instruction and hope of all destroyed nations in whom a spark of life exists. Let

them keep that spark ! The God of the modern does not need more to raise a world from the dead.

In the decline of several Catholic States, we see, every day, it is true, new theories broached to raise some one particular nation :\* Ireland on one side, Italy on the other. Only one thing is wanting in these enterprises ; which is, to feel that these national miseries are bound for one another, that the remedy of one can only rise from a power capable of curing them all. By what contradiction do the Catholic writers of Ireland and Italy† advise their nations to seek their own salvation separately and apart ? As if, by reducing themselves to private interest, they did not disarm themselves by this excess of prudence ! As if it was not the very contrary of the Catholic ideal ! It is certain that no one of them will enter upon the entire possession of herself, if she does not make of her own cause that of all her sisters in death, if this idea does not aggrandize her own enterprise in her eyes, and if she has not altogether on her side the power of nationality and the power of the universe. Ought not the trumpet of the angel, able to wake Ireland, to resound equally loud among all the Catholic ruins, at Prague, Warsaw, Florence, Madrid, in Paraguay, and even as far as Rome, in the tomb of Adrian ? Shall one member of that great universal body arise to life, and another remain buried ? The misfortune is, that the Church has let the nations of her communion grow strangers to one another ; she has sown scattered members, and no longer knows how to compose a body. Those nations divided in patches, awaking in the North and South, more dead than alive, hardly recognize one another ; the weakness of Rome has kept them divided ; and the greatness of France would be to re-unite them. In order to re-animate that cold city, of the dead, the first thing to be done is to provoke in them the sentiment of

\* The Neo-Catholic writers abroad are almost all declared enemies of France.

† O'Connell has hitherto made of the Catholicism of Ireland only an insular question. See *Balbo's Esperances de l'Italie*, p. 268.



the new alliance ; for the dead bury their dead ; they do not raise them from the tomb !

In no nation do I see the peril so flagrant as in Italy ; and if the words I am about to pronounce are not palatable, I wish them to be received as those of a man who has proved here a thousand times his affection for that country. How can we help being struck with astonishment in seeing Italian Philosophy now running into the snare of Ultramontanism ! Till now, it had, under all sorts of forms, incessantly protested, even in spite of the poets, against the destruction of civil society. If facts were overwhelming, at least the right was maintained. Italy had still one thing left ; the inward independence of the mind. Now, her writers conspire to-day to take this last refuge from her. With the greatest honesty in the world, the Rosminis, Giobertis, Troyas, and Balbos, use all their talents to destroy, by reason, the empire of reason ; and by overthrowing that intimate liberty of the human mind, they are unwittingly giving their country her last death-blow.

If they were but original and innovators in this voluntary servitude, it would be still something ! But no ! That sterile road has already been travelled over ; and they repeat, till satiety, what has been alleged before them, by M. de Maistre at Saint Petersburg, M. de Bonald in the emigration, Gœrres at Munich, and by Gunther and Schlegel at Vienna. In the land of the bold achievements of intelligence, they arrange themselves in the rear of the past. The burden of Austrian ideas, without their knowing it, weighs them down ; and they employ their strength in rivetting their chains. I fancy I see people whose right arm is shackled, and who tie down the other by an instinct of symmetry. To deliver herself from her double yoke, Italy requires more than any other nation the explosion of a new spirit ; yet it is the very principle of thought that they enslave, persuading themselves that when the mind has entirely resigned into the hands of papacy, it will then justly have the electric strength to burst the stone of the sepulchre !

O illusion of weakness ! Will no one arise in the great national tradition to utter a cry able to pierce through the rocky walls of the Alps, and prevent this deliberate suicide !

Philosophy a prisoner ! A captivity within and without, in temporal and in spiritual things ! A double knot of the Empire and of Rome ! What word must we pronounce, Italians, to make luminous to you in your own language what is clearer than daylight in ours ? Know then, that if to the chains of the body you add, voluntarily and scientifically, the shackles of the mind, there cannot henceforth exist among you even the shadow of a nation.

I will repeat my words, for it is worth while. You have two kinds of servitude to combat : hitherto you have endeavoured to turn them against each other ; it is high time to enter upon a new spirit : without which you run the risk of being eternally dupes of one and the other. Now, there is nothing new, absolutely nothing, in your renouncing the principle of inquiry and of life at the feet of papacy, unless it is that, by so doing, you give the lie to all your greatest men, and that, in pretending to rely upon tradition, you begin, on the contrary, by repudiating the tradition of your philosophers. You, who wish to revive, and have so long represented the human mind in the first rank, do not desert it now in its last combat !

Relying upon a chimerical alliance with Rome, they think all solutions easy, even at the risk of enervating hope itself. Italy thus enriches herself with ingenious books in which they recompose, almost without any effort, the map of the world. In those writings, the fruit of excellent intentions, they promise a nation to resuscitate it almost in an amicable manner, by the good will of the *Chancelleries*. To do so, they only require a little assistance on the side of the country ; and I tell you, on the contrary, that you can only be regenerated by a moral prodigy ; and if the first axiom of your political science be not to shed, if needful, in noble combats for the world, not a few drops, but streams of your noble blood, it

would be better never to hope or attempt anything. Was it by the combination of Imperial or Papal *Chancelleries* that North America, Spain in 1812, and Greece in 1827, recovered their liberty? The world has not changed; those who make you believe that it is easy to revive without a miracle of heroism, are mistaken. Do not forget that your Machiavel himself vaunts the fox only on condition that the lion accompany him. Neither heaven nor earth can save you, if you do not redeem yourselves, in the future, by a baptism of fire; trust not to words! This wound wants the sword. *Bisogna il ferro!*

Let us condense in one word all the genius of the French Revolution, and endeavour to seek in what it is distinguished from all preceding ones. Do you think it is only the overthrow of the nobility? Others had succeeded in that before. Of absolute power? England had already destroyed it. The enfranchisement of the Commons, the accession of the people? That also had been seen before. What then is new in that revolution? This: for the first time in the ancient or modern world, a nation frees herself from the bonds and limits of her Church. She rises above every barrier, all the differences and limits of her private worship; and she ascends directly to the source of the law of life. She enters into communication with the God of all the Churches; and in this situation, which commands every clergy of the earth, she does what nobody had ever done before her; she embraces a new mankind in a universal communion. That is what first called forth a cry of joy from the earth. A nation becomes, for fifty years, the instrument of the universal Spirit, as all the others had been, before her, the instruments of a sect, a particular Church! That is what had never yet been seen.

That is the sense in which it is true to say that this revolution, which knows no limits, will march round the globe.

This is the foundation of the French Revolution in its

grandeur; and this the thought which connects its most different periods! Confine yourselves to any secondary aim, and you will lose the thread of this history: Constituent Assembly, Convention, Directory, and Empire, are so many phases contradicting each other; they appear a complete chaos. On the contrary, follow this supreme idea of religious universality; then everything is clear. Its progress is never interrupted; and these fifty years of apparent contradictions form an invincible unity.

After this nation has communed directly with the universal Spirit, they propose to her, now, as her last dismissal, to leave aside those *vast thoughts*, that summit, that Sinai upon which she was led by Providence, and where she conversed with God himself, face to face, amid the thunder and lightning of a trembling universe! They now engage her to creep crest-fallen into the fold, that is, into a spirit of sect which, far from widening, grows ever more narrow!

I will suppose France to consent! I admit that that overflowing genius is pent up, and that France, repenting her too great glory, is going, like Charles the Fifth, to celebrate alive her funeral in a corner of the Vatican. This abdication would not be of the slightest use to the Spirit of the past.

A position superior to the Roman Church has once been taken; that position will never again be abandoned. The day France would leave it, Russia, Germany, England, everybody, would wish to sit in her place. Since they know well that that is the throne of the Church of the future.

Thus, they propose to our country an absolute sacrifice, useless to those who ask, and fatal to those who accomplish it: a real sacrifice of Abraham; for the hand of God is in the cloud to hold back the knife, if peradventure France kneeling, with down-cast eyes, consented to receive the blow.

I must add one word more. In the ideal of the Christian

Church, everything was done by the people: priests, deacons, and bishops, arose from election, and as if from the public conscience. Nothing now is done in the Church by the people; they no longer interrogate in them the voice of God. This is what authorises me to say, that the spirit of new institutions, by replacing everything upon this grand basis of public conscience and the sovereignty of the people, is, unquestionably, in its principle, nearer the Christian ideal than the organization and the institution of the Church are in these days.

To conclude. They have tried in different ways to adulterate that tradition of life in which all our strength consists; I felt convinced that a real danger threatened us, and that great accomplices were in it. Since that day, I have fought what, in my soul and conscience, I believe to be the good fight. My adversaries know me very ill, if they believe that any private feeling of bitterness has been mingled by me in this struggle. Thank God, I feel no hatred against anybody in the world, and the subjects were so great that if I have been attacked by any corporation whatever, I declare I have not felt it. Besides, I owe my opponents the justice to say, that if they have listened to me, they have no longer thought of interrupting me; they have understood that by introducing violence here, they were, by belying themselves, rushing into their own ruin; and, for our part, in order to defeat them, we thought there was no necessity to hate them.

In fact, I have never seen any real danger in flagrant hostilities. Something has always appeared to me more dangerous than avowed Jesuitism or Ultramontanism; it is the spirit which precedes it, and by which the world was allowing itself to be caught: to make of religion, no longer a fanaticism, but an eternal fashion, to caress altogether the Church and philosophy, liberty and slavery, to exchange all sorts of masks, to make supreme *convenance* consist in shrouding oneself in ambiguous words, to amuse public opinion

by feigned quarrels, to feast upon a vain change of persons, as upon a reality, and to whisper and think in secret,—that was the danger! Amid that prostration of the faculties, reason and common sense are suddenly aroused. Everything resumes its place. The movement of the human mind was denied;—it is obliged to make a step to prove it.

To speak truly, it would have been difficult, if not impossible, for me to arrive at the end of the journey I had undertaken, if you had not lent me the support of your united convictions. Accordingly, what I have done is due as much to you as to me; or, rather, it is the fruit of that general conscience which has shown itself here, bursting forth with an enthusiasm which still astonishes me. Who produced it? Who developed it? Who has breathed this inexplicable life into this audience? Not I! I have been only the organ of that thought, which, without your knowing how, was quivering upon all your lips.

And you seek, you invoke a better future! But it is evident, by these tokens, that this future is already in you. I have brought nothing here; I have but shown you the life concealed in the bottom of your own hearts. What! in return for my weak words, so much enthusiasm, so much moral electricity! Ah! what would you then have done if I had been all I ought to have been?

I ask myself what I must think of all I have seen and felt here for some months past; I think that the spirit of the future is animating our country in our new generation, as in the purest fountain of life.

What has passed here between us is a strong tie. It is an engagement on your side as well as on mine. I am bound by my words, and you by your assent. I know well that they were not theatrical applauses which have resounded so often in this building; they were addressed, not to a man, but to the belief which is common between me and you. The word which explodes in souls is a principle of the future; it must

be realized ; that is, we must conform our lives to it ; and you must be prepared to put it into practice when, in your turn, it will be given to you to have an influence upon public affairs.

When I speak thus, do not believe that I wish to confine you to the letter of my instruction ! I have been of use, perhaps, to show you, in a few fleeting moments, what you possess within yourselves. I have informed you of your own inward riches, of which perhaps you were ignorant. It is that flash of faith in the mind, that moment of moral dignity which you must, without me, far from me, strive to make immortal. I am but a step in that ladder of light which you must ascend even to God. To-morrow, or some day after, the step may disappear. What matter ? I have shown the way ! Go beyond me, and ascend still higher !

In this assembly, consecrated to the genius of foreign nations, there are naturally men of different or hostile races. Often have I seen here, side by side, Poles, Russians, Italians, Germans, Hungarians, Spaniards, Portuguese, and even Blacks. It is a difficult thing, in such a meeting, not to wound the nationality of anybody. I have always desired it ; I have used my best endeavours, and I think I have succeeded. If so, may this momentary meeting of different nations, languages, and sentiments, be for us the emblem of the future union, alliance, regeneration, and prosperity of their native lands, in a new spirit of justice and a new bond of friendship !

You will again see, perhaps soon, those long wished-for countries. They will ask you what France is doing : you will say she is offering up prayers for the world !

You will say she must not be judged by appearances, by what makes the most noise ; and that her heart, in reality, beats as powerfully as ever. You will say that you have seen the sons of the men who, at other times, had so well drawn the sword, and that they are striving, not only not to be degenerate, but to remain the foremost in the Christian zeal of humanity, in political and social charity, and in the mission

of futurity which they think God has given to their nation and has never withdrawn.

O Spirit of grandeur and strength, Spirit of the future, thou who art not entirely confined in Rome, but who livest glowing at this moment in the heart of every generation of men, overflowing even now, like a river after autumnal showers, every known form, every particular Church, every new and old symbol, without being the exclusive possession of any body or any clergy, who shinest forth among the laity as much, at least, as in the ecclesiastical world, wishing the Church to be not only a chosen tribe, but all humanity, do but teach us, at last, no longer to hate one another!

And now, we must separate, in body alone, never in mind. At this moment, which, I do not disguise it, fills me with emotion, I must request one favour of you. Promise me that you will never, in this building or anywhere about here, cause, accept or listen to any kind of discussion. Our thoughts are too serious not to gain much by being kept to ourselves; my adversaries would be too happy to lay hold of anything that might later be misinterpreted. They have, to oppose me, other Chairs, where other maxims are freely taught, besides the Press, and both the Chambers, where I have been and may be again denounced; that ought to suffice them. On my side, I have the approbation of your consciences in my favour; and if I may add moreover the esteem of my country, I ask for nothing more in this world.



# APPENDIX.

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## I.

[*The point of view indicated at the end of the First Lecture has been developed in a few pages, of which we give here the new edition.*]

### AN ANSWER TO SOME OBSERVATIONS OF THE ARCHBISHOP OF PARIS.

AUGUST, 1843.

AN unforeseen interference obliges us to defend ourselves. In treating a question very different to that which has occupied our attention, the Archbishop of Paris has considered it his duty towards his diocese, to protest against our Lectures and the work\* which resumes them. This writing of the Archbishop's,† which, in the commencement, breathes the spirit of conciliation and mildness, changes its tone when the subject reaches us. Vehemence takes the place of unction. He had begun with the intention of attacking *nobody*, but he ends in waging a declared warfare against us; so true it is that controversy often hurries even the wisest away in a direction contrary to that which he had intended. This

\* "*The Jesuits.*"—[A translation of which will soon appear.—C. C.]

† *Observations upon the controversy occasioned by the debate of the liberty of instruction*, by the Archbishop of Paris.

would be our excuse, if (which God forbid) we did not succeed in showing, in all we have to say, our respect for the person, together with our respect for truth.

Instead of complaining of this illustrious intervention, we believe it to be useful. Not only the discussion is enlarged, it also becomes clearer. At the moment our adversaries were accusing us of pursuing a phantom of Jesuitism, the first prelate of France, nobly disgusted with so many subterfuges, throws aside those vain masks, and openly acknowledges the concert between Jesuitism and the Episcopacy. The disciples of Loyola were, it was said, an invention of our fancy; we had invented them for the pleasure of dispute. Nobody dreamed of them, or cared about them; yet, amid these useless artifices, here is a man, more sincere than all the others, the first member of our clergy, who decides upon giving this supreme confession of sympathy and alliance:

“*You attack,*”\* says this prelate, “*the clergy under the name of a society unacknowledged by the laws.*”—Is this a good way to defend them, identifying them with what the law reproves?—“*We do not pretend to settle here the process of this celebrated society in which so many passions have been brought to play.*”—This process has been settled thirty-nine times, and always with the same result!—“*Even if the Jesuits were wrong (three centuries ago, the Bishop of Paris accused them of prostituting the Church!) you are not privileged to be just and logicians.*”—The question is precisely, indeed, to show in what we are neither just nor logicians.—“*You accuse the rules of that religious order of establishing a humiliating despotism.*”—In what is despotism founded upon delation an honourable thing?—“*You know well that they cannot impose their yoke upon any who are not disposed to accept it.*”—I know too that the art of surprising the will forms a part of their religion.—“*You know well that, notwithstanding certain metaphors employed in drawing up their regulations, (Loyola was not a rhetorician, his metaphors are precepts,) their discipline does*

\* *Observations*, p. 78.

*not impose so absolute a passive obedience as the military discipline.*”—In what military regulation have we ever heard of such a rule as the following: “If the authority declares that what is white is black, affirm that it is black.”\*—“*You will not accuse of usurpation those who possess all the establishments of public instruction.*”—No corporation possesses all those establishments.—“*You are indignant with these invaders, who have no school, no title, no salary.*”—I am indignant with cunning counterfeiting sanctity.—“*You pretend that they overawe the bishops.*”—I would much rather believe that they overawe them than think they conciliate them.—“*And it is in their power to dismiss them.*”—Why do they not do so? Christianity would be the better for it.—“*Which they would not fail to do, if they were as perverse as you say.*”—We say that the maxims of that body are perverse; we have proved it; and we are waiting to be refuted.

So then we are not permitted to separate the cause of the French clergy from that of Jesuitism. They are willing, at every risk, to take upon themselves the responsibility of that so often accursed society. Whatever we bring against it the clergy apply to themselves: so much unpopularity, such patent iniquity, and so monstrous an inheritance, do not frighten them. If we persist in making a difference between things which were till now a whole world asunder, this distinction is set down to our account as impiety. Is that indeed the final answer of the Church of France? Have they weighed all the consequences of that word which may even now be retracted? To identify the Church of France with Jesuitism, sounds so strange to French ears, that we want to hear it repeated once more:

“*You testify lively sympathy for the lower order of clergy; is it then by blaspheming against their faith?*” We have undertaken the defence of the Spirit against those who wish to cheat the Spirit. We have condemned modern Phariseeism

\* One of Loyola's rules.

mostly by making use of the terms of ecclesiastical authority. We have preferred the Gospel to the Spiritual exercises of Saint Ignatius Loyola, that is true. We may have been erroneous, though nobody has yet pointed out any error of fact. We have separated, by a gulf, the Christianity of Jesus Christ from the Christianity of Loyola. In all this, where is the *blasphemy*? And what then are the expressions avoided, if these are *the terms full of moderation and benevolence* which we were promised in the commencement?

To refute what I have said about the oppression of the lower clergy, it is objected that *few priests are disposed to complain*. There is good reason to keep silence, when complaint is imputed by you to revolt. Why am I not permitted to quote to your Grace the heart-rending language which certain priests secretly address to us, making us the confidants of their oppression, and entreating us not to divulge their names! The best proof of their desperate servitude is their having recourse to us. What can we do for them, unless it be to complete their ruin? If their cause, everywhere else, had but a chance of being listened to, it is difficult for me to conceive that any one of them would choose us for their advocates.

The consequences deduced from the abolition of the religion of the state\* are those which were to provoke the most strenuous contradiction. "*You make,*" this is the answer, "*the legislator absurd in order to make him adverse to us.*" They perceive that all the question is in this.

It results from the developments † into which his Lordship enters upon this subject, that allowing no religious life to our civil and political institutions, he belongs to the opinion of those who declare the law atheistical. According to this idea, the institutions reposing entirely but upon themselves, it is, indeed, to make the legislator absurd to seek in the laws any necessary relation with belief.

\* *The Jesuits*, p. 126.

† *Observations*, p. 41, 48, 80.

For our part, on the contrary, we maintain the impossibility of conceiving a body of institution, a code, or a legislation, without supposing a religious basis. The spirit which supports the unity of our French institutions is the spirit of Christianity which they are tending to realize. By forming with all the scattered Churches one single city, the State is, in our opinion,\* more in conformity with the idea of the universal Church than those who think to keep apart in a sectarian spirit; and it will be confessed, by the bye, that it is at least surprising, in this debate, that it should be we who affirm that no civil establishment can live without God, and his Grace the Archbishop who maintains the contrary.

Let us apply these principles to the chief subject of the controversy, the problem of education; they will stand forth in manifest evidence. In what, indeed, does the system they oppose to us end in practice? You will see. If the State is atheistical, it results that it is totally without the power of giving a rule of conduct, or establishing any principle of education; hence the necessity of forming as many separate systems of instruction, schools, and educations, as there are creeds in France. This is, in fact, the consequence at which they stop. Catholic schools, Lutheran schools, Calvinistical schools, and Philosophical schools, without any connecting tie between them; such is, in the eyes of the Archbishop, the ideal of the public constitution of education.\* Each would relish apart his separate doctrine, without any fear of mutual contact. They would form, side by side, so many insulated nations which, being brought up in the reciprocal hatred of one another, would have nothing in common but their name. Either words have changed their signification, or all this is nothing else but to bring back society to a division, to a civil and political distribution, that is to say, to schism.

Imprison minds in the loneliness to which the system of

\* *Observations*, p. 54.

the Archbishop would tend to lead them, and, after half a century, what result would you find? Minds nourished in traditions which they believe irreconcilable, ardent sectarians, whom no common point will rally, a new leaven of civil and religious warfare, a furious never-ending combat between priests and philosophers, a society systematically divided and parcelled out, generations pent up from their cradles in prejudices and mutual hate; what more? Fanatics and sceptics. Amid all that, what becomes of France, the country of unity, the work of ages and Providence? As far as in you lay, you will have divided her. You will have done the contrary of what Providence does! Will you be more Christian on that account?

All the principle of public education reposes upon the necessity that the new generations, after having received the tendencies, the inspirations of the domestic hearth, the lessons of particular creeds, should meet one moment to be connected in one same spirit. Thereby, preserving their native affections, they learn to feel they have issued from the same country, and are members of the same family; yet, it is this principle of alliance which gives you umbrage, and that you strive to ruin as much as you can!

But the more you attack it in the name of the Church, the more you point out the necessity of saving it in the name of the State. Either the University is nothing (and in that case it would be good to deprive it even of its name), or it ought to represent, in its doctrines, that moral unity of French society and that principle of alliance which you prosecute in its bud. Let it dare to take its stand upon this ground. No sect will ever be able to ruin it, since none could ever succeed it. The State has in itself a religious life, without which it would not subsist one day. But, it is true, this life has no longer Catholic authority for its only rule; since society, in becoming greater, has established itself no longer upon a fraction of the Church, but upon the whole of Christianity. And when, in asserting this fact, which sums

up the spirit of modern times, I call upon spiritual authority not to let itself be outstepped by temporal power, in the work of alliance and universal society, you see in these words only impiety! Then you add: "How can we believe in your love for religion,\* when you disguise badly enough your confidence, in an audacious exegesis which shakes the base of Christianity only by overthrowing the foundations of every historical certainty?" We have stated the questions which have been raised by modern criticism.† Instead of making a vain discussion, we have shown sincerely the difficulties created by Science in our days. Is our inviting theologians to seize the difficulties where they are, to give a proof of *true atheism*? Let them resolve them, it is all we desire. In the meantime, we are surprised that the clergy of France have, in no kind of work, tried to attack the objections proposed with so much lucidity and frankness by the exegesis which it is very easy to call the *naturalism of the German Universities*.‡ Once, however, there was a reply to the work of Strauss, which, resuming with unheard-of boldness all the forms of scepticism, sapped the root of Christianity. And who was it that made that answer? Was it one of the French clergy? Was it one of those prelates to whom the least schism gives offence? Was it at least one of the order of Jesus, whose task it was by privilege? No, it was that man whom your Grace to-day is pleased to term a blasphemer.

I asked how it was that the nations that had adopted the banner of Ultramontane policy are to-day either abandoned or chastised by Providence. The answer that is flung back like an accusation confirms the objection: "Who told you that those sad dissensions do not proceed from the temerity and profound ignorance of the Reformers who partake of your doctrines?" It remains to be seen where are the rash Reformers of Italy, Spain, and South America. These nations are those

\* *Observations*, p. 80.

† *The Jesuits*, p. 289.

‡ *The Life of Jesus*, by Dr. Strauss. See *Germany and Italy*, vol. ii.

among which reforms have found the least credit ; they ought, accordingly, to be less torn by dissensions, and less abandoned than the others. But the contrary is the case, since the nations among whom changes have been most radical, namely, France, England, Germany, Russia, and the United States, are unquestionably far superior in power, authority and prosperity to the former : whence it follows, that all that his Grace advances here, falls back against him. For, in any case, if the South is declining on account of rash reforms, how is it the North prospers by still more rash reforms ? Can he who sins the most, prosper, whilst he fails who sins the least ?

His Grace feels that this first reason is only good against himself ; without insisting upon it, he falls back upon another : “ *You would find it,*” says he, “ *in the wicked disposition of human nature, if you were not blind enough to deify it.*” Even if we did deify wicked dispositions (though it will be necessary to revert to this subject), the argument would gain nothing by it. Human nature has not a bad inclination only in Ultramontane districts. I do not even think his Grace means that it is more wicked there than elsewhere. When therefore I pretend that a strictly Catholic policy has a powerful argument against it, drawn from the inferiority of the States which have followed it, it is no answer to produce against us the original vice of human nature. For this vice being the same everywhere, I ask how it can explain the decay of some and the prosperity of others.

After these answers, each of which is turned as an accusation against us, his Grace makes an appeal to the love of peace. We subscribe to it with all our heart :

“ You love peace, we are assured of it ; you groaned in introducing a struggle calculated to awake the passions.”

Would to God that these expressions of peace had not resounded so late ! Doubtless they would have sufficed to stop the violence employed against us, for his Grace knows that neither calumny nor insult have ever provoked one word



in defence. We have patiently waited till the right of liberty of discussion has been violated in our persons, till insult, open menaces and sacred mutiny have come to provoke us with a lofty air, and till our voice has been drowned for hours together, by the cries of those who to-day say they are the only friends of liberty of discussion. In retaliation, what have we done? This alone: we have followed the usual course of our Lectures; we have related and analysed the origin of an order whose history we were unable to avoid. We have examined it, as we should have done if nothing unusual had happened. To relate history, to say nothing but what is conformable to our records, is that *vengeance*, as you say it is, my Lord? In this case, it is the vengeance of God, not of man.

How desirable it would have been that the evangelical words of his Grace the Archbishop of Paris had then diffused peace in the minds of the blind, who, in order to claim the independence of Jesuitism, tried at first to stifle ours. A single word from his mouth would doubtless have confined that blind zeal to its necessary limits; and we should not have seen (by a contradiction which now makes us excuse a little distrust) the most complete partisans of the liberty of instruction begin by attempting to quash instruction itself.

“You ought,” continues his Grace, “to deplore your success, since the passions have been let loose. You ought to deplore it, because it does not confer solid glory; you ought to deplore it, because it has never given real happiness.”

For men whose voice they wish to drown, success is to be able to speak. This being established, I do not see clearly why we must deplore our adversaries not having succeeded. Who would have gained by our defeat? Without contradiction, brutal force and violence, which, some other day, could just as well be turned against others. Alas! my Lord, what a sad victory you would have obtained; and how well it is, I think, for your own sake, that we did not allow, by a notorious precedent, the establishment of this right of violence

over the mind ! If a resistance to gross oppression *does not give real happiness*, it is not less our duty to repel it. As to the *solid glory* you mention, I do not see any better how this word can be applied here. In these school affairs, there is generally hardly any question of glory ; all we can effect is to merit obscurely the esteem of a few men, and perhaps, my Lord, in secret even yours !

Amid the greatest questions, why was it necessary that the first Archbishop in France should write the following words ? How could the sacred crosier rake from the dust such an insinuation as this ?—

“ We mention, without vouching for its truth, another motive of opposition ; can it be true that the Evangelical Chair has excited sad jealousy, when its success surpasses that of certain other Chairs, surrounded by less numerous and less eager auditors ? ”

And this is said calmly, straight forward, and without scruple ! After a slight hesitation, the sentence is confirmed with full authority by this austere reflection : “ Who is there, even among the noble works of the intelligence, who has not to defend himself against the susceptibility of his own self-love ? ” Thus, the diocese of Paris is now solemnly warned. Some of the most religious persons had thought they could understand our proceeding by the necessity of defence, a restless curiosity, or even by the mania of independence which torments modern man. The most resolute in blaming us thought they recognised the consequences of doctrines accepted and followed out to the end. We had been accused of naturalism, eclecticism, pantheism, and atheism ; but the general reason of these doctrines still remained to be found ; it was necessary that the discussion should come to the hands of the Archbishop, for the theological principle of these errors to be discovered. It is to make this clear, that his Grace is decided to break a silence which, otherwise, the Catholics of the diocese of Paris *might consider as a prevarication* ; and every thing having been considered, and the chapter interro-

gated, this principle is jealousy excited by the success of our preachers ! If we abandoned ourselves to the *naturalism of the German Universities*, if we resisted violence, it was mere envy ! If we did not flinch before the subject which the natural course of time imposed upon us ; if, for all that, we confined ourselves to the sixteenth century, once more it was through mere envy for the literary success of Advent and Lent ! But their honourable success does not date from yesterday, this winter, or this year ! It will be allowed that it is a miracle how men, capable of entertaining this paltry jealousy so long a time, should have waited till now for an opportunity of displaying it.

“ *If you believed yourselves calumniated, which we have not to examine here ;*” but, pray, where then will you examine it, my Lord, if you do not at the very moment when calumny is whispering about you, and gliding, unknown to you, from your pen ? When will you examine it, if you do not at the moment when your interposition must be for us, to use your own terms, *a surety of impartiality* ? Is it then a thing of such slight importance to know whether men of whom you make yourself the judge have been calumniated or not ? And not satisfied with letting calumny subsist when it proceeds from others,—is your imputation of altering the truth by the effect of *sad jealousy* also a thing of so little consequence, coming from the first prelate of the kingdom, that it is not worth while examining before being published to all your diocese ?

You promise us *a calm and polite discussion* ; you ought to give us nothing but the plain truth ; but when you accuse us directly of *deifying the bad inclinations of human nature*, deign to consider that, by this solemn inculpation, the most serious certainly that can be brought against men, you give us the right to ask you upon what it is founded. To take advantage of public confidence and the liberty of speech to exalt bad inclinations and vile passions in still young hearts, would seem to me such infamy that nothing could be severe enough to chastise it. For here the question is no longer a difference of

opinion about a dogma; universal morality is at stake; and the more serious your assertion is, the more it requires to be demonstrated. Before reading your words, I said to myself: If blind men provoke public hatred against us, it is impossible that the head of the flock should add his voice to theirs. His dignity and his well-known moderation, his desire of conciliation and his policy, everything opposes this. Even in involuntary error, it is impossible for him not to recognize the sincerity, the love of truth, the moral life, and the soul which support our words. Yet, on the contrary, by one word, you attempt to blast everything, without any discernment between truth and falsehood, and without reflecting that an assertion from you is, in the opinion of many, equivalent to an established truth. You do not deem it necessary to support an accusation, however monstrous it may be, by any fact, any proof, any even far-fetched induction which we might at least discuss; to make the process of Jesuitism, sufficees, according to you, to offend at once the human conscience and universal morality. Till to-day, it was precisely the contrary that was considered as certain.

No, my Lord, you cannot think that vile sentiments influenced our words. Those words were given in public; thereby people will judge whether it is the good or the bad inclinations that we deify. There would be, I know well, an efficacious way to destroy, from its very foundation, the whole body of public instruction in France. To effect this, no new law would be needed; it would be sufficient to reduce it to such a state of feebleness that every insult might be heaped upon it without its daring ever to raise its head. Persuade the country that there is a body against which it is lawful to attempt everything, without ever suffering from any individual any serious contradiction, and that body will fall tomorrow into public contempt. Who would belong to it a day, if the first condition was silently to abandon one's honour should the adversary only be bold and the attack proceed from a high quarter? Being accustomed to decide everything

without control, you see how difficult it is to be just. Our principal impiety, in your eyes, will always be not to allow ourselves to be crushed with discussion.

Many persons said to us: "Why do you separate the clergy from Jesuitism? you may be sure they act in concert;" for all that, we persisted in distinguishing one from the other. Even now, in spite of the authority which confounds them, we still hesitate to see in this declaration the formal opinion of the whole Church of France. Cannot one voice be found among our forty thousand priests to protest against such a responsibility? Is there nobody, I repeat, among so many bishops, preachers, and different orders, who dares, not furtively, not in an anonymous letter, but frankly and openly, deny this compact with the sons of Loyola? Will a fearful silence reign over this declaration which envelopes the Church of France in a cause so many times judged and always condemned? We pause, and listen attentively.

And why so much ardour in compromising yourselves for them? Who obliges you to undergo voluntarily that inheritance of malediction? Is it gratitude? Measure first the good and the evil they have done you. Necessity? Where is it? Fear? That is to say you abandon yourselves that you may have nothing more to fear! Their promises? Do you think that they alone can save Catholicism? In this case, it is great news for the world to be thus under the necessity of choosing between Voltaire and Loyola. If their promises attract you, wait at least till they have shown, by irrefutable proofs, their skill in getting new times into their possession. Who hurries you? The world gives you peace, which you promise without being able to keep it. What! at the first injunction from them, without examining whether their alliance be prejudicial or not, without their having repaired the injury they have done you, without any safe pledge, and contrary to your own tradition, you identify yourselves with them, and become absorbed in them! Do you, I say, take refuge with *them*, whose name is sufficient to make palaces

crumble to pieces in a moment, till not one stone remains upon another? If this be disinterestedness, it lacks that prudence which is requisite even in things divine; if it be blindness, let us reckon, by that, what men might do, who, exercising this fascination, have moreover the art of persuading that they have ceased to live.

Besides, this intimate bond being once admitted, we must at least accept the first consequence; it applies to those different orders of Benedictines, Dominicans, Mendicant Friars, &c., who are everywhere struggling to emerge into life again. As long as these institutions were really distinct, there was reason in their existence. But, if it be averred that Jesuitism henceforth envelopes them in a more general spirit in such a manner that it cannot be criticised without all orders being affected, why, once more, so many cloaks to cover the same personage? Is it right to conceal the soul of the Jesuit under a Franciscan's garment? A gathering of all the orders into one, ought to be the loyal consequence of the system upon which they have just entered; and the more especially so, as there is no form of life to which the institution of Loyola may not be extended. Truth is here the same thing as unity.

I confess that amid the parties now dividing France, it seemed to me that the Church had something better to do than to rankle our smarting wounds with that ferment of dispute which ever accompanies Jesuitism. In a chaos of opinions, it would have been grand to see the Church of France, alone, calm, pacific, and conciliatory, when all was commotion about her. How was it she did not feel inclined to act the good Samaritan, by closing the wounds of France as she lay bleeding by the way-side? She prefers to open them. I fancy, however, that such a spectacle of serenity and majesty, amid the clamour of parties, would have affected men's minds more than any other sign. It would have been, at least, a miracle a hundred times more efficacious than all those new miracles which they bring against us every day;

to remain calm in the civil tempest, is truly the mark of the finger of God.

On the contrary, they make it their task to introduce into the Church the feverish temper of daily politics. Agitation, irritation, paltry tricks of party spirit, infect the holy city. If they obey the spirit of our time, it is not in whatever is great, but in everything that is little. They reject what composes really its religious life; I mean, the spirit of conciliation, profound unity, and impartiality, founded upon an ever more distinct sentiment of a common alliance. What they borrow from their epoch, is its bare outside: a spirit of quarrelling, controversy, judicial menaces, a Gospel of noise and tumult. A new hymn issuing from the heart would speak louder than all that.

When they retire into the sanctuary, is it to draw nearer to God or to the world? In the vaults of our Cathedrals, thousands of workmen are skilfully mustered and drilled, in secret, beyond the light of day. What are these new Christians about, thus buried in the bosom of the catacombs? In what depths of asceticism are they plunged? What secret are they taught in the dust of the tombs? Buried in the holy of holies, a Jesuit draws a lottery, and makes a course of *Amusing Physics*!

“*Nothing is so easy as to divide and destroy.*” These words, by which his Grace terminates, resume indeed all the question. Who are they who unite, and who are they who divide? This is certainly what we wish to know.

That you should reproach us with uniting what Ultramontanism separates, I perfectly understand; but it is difficult to conceive in what we divide, when, instead of bringing communions against each other, we seek, on the contrary, their points of resemblance and contact. Till now, we had been accused of re-uniting what will not be joined, and of bringing together what wishes to remain asunder; that was called Pantheism. To-day, your Grace accuses us of dividing. These two accusations cannot subsist together. You must

make choice of one or the other, since they necessarily refute each other.

Those who divide are they who wish that every sect and every Church should be a separate world, shut for ever, without any contact of education with whatever is most like it, that new generations should nowhere meet in one common symbol, that men should pass from the cradle to the tomb, side by side, without either touching or knowing one another, and that there should be in France many Frances irreconcilable with each other, one of which should learn eternally to cast her interdict upon all the others.

Those who unite and edify are they who, respecting particular churches, believe that they are contained in a more comprehensive church, which is Christianity; that, consequently, far from sequestering systematically every belief, and so, envenoming and often exaggerating the points of strife, it is good to reconcile, at least for a moment, in one common symbol of education, minds that are destined to form one and the same society. By bringing kindred forms of worship towards a reconciliation, they unite; and they edify in tending, by a continued movement of the Christian soul, towards the association of spirits in the promised city. It is evident that the State which places itself at this point of view in its constitution, is nearer the Universal Church than Ultramontaniam can be, never speaking of anything but sequestration, separation, and loneliness.

You ask, my Lord, what is the moral mission which the State, supposing it to be well constituted, can accomplish in education: you answer yourself when you assert, what is indeed a very serious matter, that every sect, every religion, possesses a moral instruction which forms *a very different body of doctrines*.\* I ask, in my turn, who is to show the connecting tie of these particular moralities? Who is to decide? Doubtless it cannot be any sect. Will you then

\* *Observations*, p. 41.



form in society as many different societies as there are separate communions? This is the necessary consequence, if we insist upon your words. Under these different instructions, there is a social morality upon which new life reposes. In the present situation of things, every sect and every church having a distinct instruction, there evidently follows a necessity for a public education, which, by connecting private education, may ultimately unite and co-ordinate the different doctrines in the general conscience. The decisive argument for the intervention of the State in matters of education will always be drawn from the principle that you have just put forward to combat it.

For, it is not sufficient to tolerate one another; we must also be reciprocally upon a good understanding. Now, who will teach the Catholic to love the Protestant? Is it he who inculcates the horror of the Protestant dogma? Candidly, can you develop in others the intimate sentiment of the rights and dignity of the Israelite, you who, in the kingdom which you sway, have just proscribed every *amicable relation* between the Jew and the Christian? Can you profess respect for those you anathematize? Can you develop the sentiment of religious fellowship which is the soul of the society in which we live? You are so little capable of doing so, that this entirely new principle of social life is not perceptible to you, since you do not even put to yourselves the question that is derived from it. It is enough for you to maintain communions profoundly asunder. The idea of establishing a relation between them seems never once to have engaged your thoughts; and yet, that is the whole difficulty of the problem. Acknowledge then that by remaining in the limits in which you imprison yourselves, a whole part of modern humanity escapes you.

Among modes of worship henceforth equal, it is necessary there should be a spiritual intervention to make peace between those whom everything provokes to war; and as sects and separate churches confess their inability to effect reconciliation,

we come back in every way to this consequence,—that we must seek elsewhere the instruction of that social morality without which there are henceforth Catholics, Dissenters, Philosophers, that is to say, parties, but no France.

Moreover, do not believe easily that they whom you choose for adversaries are moved only by petty thoughts; they firmly believe the problem of new society to be wholly engaged in the questions you provoke: that is all. If you find so many obstacles as soon as ever you wish, under one form or another, to put an obstacle to the reconciliation of souls, it is because, on the one hand, you are meddling with all that has been summed up by the progress of ages, and, on the other, you appear to be making a work rather of schism than religion. For what is called tolerance consists, not only in an indifference for forms of worship, but, much rather, in a profound feeling of the identity of the Christian Spirit in the modern world. The members of the dispersed family of Christ, of the Old as well as the New Testament, are drawing nearer, and beginning to know and understand one another, from one end of the universe to the other. France has entered further than any nation upon this road of reconciliation. She precedes them all in the alliance. This is her genius, her mission, her star, and her law written in codes and in souls. When the great flock attempts to crowd together after the tempest, the bishop's crook will not prevent the unity which the cross has promised!

Without speaking of scepticism, the Church is menaced to-day by two sorts of dangers. First, she may disacknowledge whatever religious deeds are done apart from her, and, by so doing, by allowing herself to be outdone in her own way, may leave to the laity the care of accomplishing, before her eyes, the work she abandons. Suppose the Temporal invites to the union of minds, and the Spiritual to discord;\*

\* They began by asking for Offices of Catholic charity, of Catholic municipalities, &c.; people answered them, (which was consistent,) by asking for Protestant regiments, and Protestant crews in the navy. In such sectarian rivalry, where can we stop?

tell me, on which side will the Gospel be? It might happen that the moment when Christianity is becoming incarnate in the institutions, the clergy might be waging silent war against these same institutions, and thus the Church would ultimately be dashed to pieces in the dark against the living Christ standing upon the basis of the laws!

In the second place, there is danger in the intoxication of victory, even though it be a holy one. For if, in the political order, the infatuation of a government is perilous, what must be said of the infatuation of a mode of worship? Civil authority has been known to turn dizzy; in that case it is deposed; one family takes the place of another, and everything remains fast. But if, by chance, a religion, long absolute, after having lost its sovereignty, thinks of recovering it, if a body of clergy become intoxicated with pride upon their inalienable throne, if they voluntarily rush headlong with their eyes shut, falling from the whole height of God, that fall shakes not only superficially a family, a dynasty, or a king, but, throughout ages, the trembling resounds afar in the bowels of the earth!

## II.

PAGE 63. Note.

### ONE OF OUR PATRIARCHS OF CONTEMPORANEOUS SCIENCE, M. GEOFFROY SAINT-HILAIRE.

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I LITTLE thought, when I quoted this name in company with Galileo, that, before I finished this volume, I should have to pronounce upon his tomb the following words.

After so many eloquent tokens of respect addressed by my colleagues to our illustrious deceased friend, permit a man, who has no right to weep for him here but friendship, and the assent of his family, to add one parting word.

M. Geoffroy Saint-Hilaire belongs to us all as a portion of that patrimony of glory which France distributes to the least among us. It is certain that the history of the Revolution and of those great campaigns of Egypt, Spain, and Portugal, would be incomplete for us, if we did not see, at the same time, science following, with M. Geoffroy Saint-Hilaire, the road opened by the sword, and turning the devastation of war to the profit of civilization. M. Geoffroy Saint-Hilaire, in Egypt and at the Pyramids, explains and aggrandizes the destiny of Napoleon, as Aristotle did that of Alexander.

That the world might know what France could assemble and do at the same time, it was necessary that there should be a man who, from 1792 to 1815 and to 1830, should, in an admirable series, without ever stopping, pursue one and the same idea amid the uproar of revolutions and battles. The earth was shaken for more than half a century; governments pass away, Napoleon falls, another dynasty appears,

and disappears; yet upon this perpetually shaken soil, in this sort of siege sustained by France against the world, there is here a thinker, another Archimedes, whom nothing disturbs or disconcerts, who with his eyes fixed upon the creation, seeks its mysteries with serenity, as if he did not belong to the region of tempests. When however France is materially conquered, the persevering thought of that great mind invades foreign lands; and the greatest writer of Germany, Goethe, seems to have become familiar with every science only to inaugurate and worthily make popular in the world the perfectly French victory of M. Geoffroy Saint-Hilaire.

How is it that, with so little taste for noise and show, this man, entirely buried in science, has become popular among us? Because the idea which he brought to light is, in many respects, the basis of our epoch. The desire, the presentiment, the necessity of a vast unity, is what is now agitating the world. M. Geoffroy Saint-Hilaire, a true precursory genius, has established, in nature and science, this harmonious principle which we are still seeking in the civil, political, and religious world. Such is the bond by which the works of this creating mind are connected with the actual labour of all the human race; and, as he arrived first at that depth of unity which everybody seeks by different ways, he has unwittingly drawn everybody into the interests of his glory. We were not all capable of following each of his steps; our ignorance and our impotency delayed us; but we said to ourselves, he outsteps us; he goes where the age will arrive later; and we advanced in sure confidence towards the future, knowing that he possessed it already in the order of science and nature.

At the same time that science was entirely a creating power in him, it had a sort of grand character, as if stamped with antiquity and religion. What persevering enthusiasm at a time when they pretend no more exists! What grandeur! What a natural amplitude in his conceptions! What a

patriarchal simplicity! What transports! What inward delight in this man who passes his life in discovering and creating! He is of the family of Archimedes and Kepler! He has been accused of being a poet; yes, doubtless he was, like those great men, by a more sudden, more imperious and more divining sentiment of exact truth.

After having received so many rays of intelligence from that mind in its strength, it remained for us to learn from him, for the last ten years, how we ought to die. He had grown blind like Galileo; but his serenity had not been troubled one moment. He used still to smile at those marvels of the earth and heavens which he saw, comprehended and discovered, with the eyes of the mind. In that incredible tranquillity, we felt that he was a man who had a good perception of the laws and the concealed plan of the Creator. He had been initiated in the secret works of Providence; and, from that spectacle, he had brought away the serenity of the just. What is more sublime than this death of genius which, thus directed and conducted, is the very holiness of the intelligence! Smiling, it approaches unveiled Truth; and at length descends here fearlessly into eternal Science.

Who is there among us, where is the sovereign, who would not desire such an end? And may these words resound even to that empty mansion which, only yesterday, was so filled with the genius of this great man, whose widow and daughter, inconsolable, are listening to hear the last sound about this grave. Their pious hands, gentlemen, preserved him for us ten years beyond the term marked by nature, and never quitted him day or night all that time! Delighting in this marvel of conjugal and filial piety, that truly good man would say: "I am almost happy in being blind!" May those noble women be rewarded, by the twofold immortality of him they mourn, and, the more so, as the son and brother, who remains, reminds us of the husband and father who is now no more.

Among the many families which have brought to this ground their dearest friends, how few have obtained what even death cannot carry away! They have almost all retired, empty-handed, and without any present consolation. But you, on the contrary, carry away, with the glory of the name which is yours, a visible immortality, the permanent sign of that which our eyes cannot discern!

M. Geoffroy Saint-Hilaire accompanied our armies in their triumphal march. Is it only by mere chance that he is laid at this moment by the side of his friend General Foy? Who, among you, does not remember that meeting of one of your academies, at which M. Cuvier related how the devotedness of M. Geoffroy Saint-Hilaire had saved, from the massacre of the 2nd September, your great friend Haüy? The whole assembly applauded; a man rushed through the crowd, and cast himself into the arms of Geoffroy Saint-Hilaire, saying: "Dear friend, you have heart, soul, genius, everything for you!" That man was General Foy.

He was here waiting for some one. It was necessary that the warrior and the sage should be again united. Now, these two brothers in glory here meet again in death.

Adieu, doubly immortal spirit; thou who wast so indulgent upon earth, do not at this moment despise my homage! I bid thee farewell in the name of all those whose career thou hast opened! Aid me with thy intelligence and virtue! The greatest blessing of my life will always be to have obtained thy friendship!

### III.

## ANSWER TO A SPEECH PRONOUNCED JUNE 20TH AT THE END OF MY LECTURES.

(As this answer contains an engagement on my part, it ought to find its place here.)

THE testimony which I receive from you is the more precious, as it is addressed, not to me, but to our common belief; in hearing you it is sufficient to perceive that a new life begins to circulate. The generation which preceded you is now weary; it is necessary that you, in your turn, should bring a new inspiration to the world; and may that generous soul, which you show me, not remain only in books, but enter with you into possession of affairs and things! This is what we mutually promise one another to do when our time shall come.

This age has received immense material gifts; those newly-discovered instruments of incalculable power, still expecting the idea which is to set them to work. Suppose that the age which has seized upon all the powers of nature should ultimately develop a spirit proportioned to such means; and tell me whether any times could have accomplished greater things. To restore the equilibrium between the soul and matter, is, Gentlemen, a grand future, and that future is yours, each of you already contains a portion of it within himself. All nations, all races of men, are to bring a fragment to this great work. Only let us strive that our country may preserve and increase her right to call herself the conscience of mankind!

This moment, Gentlemen, will ever be remembered by me as a *souvenir* and a pledge of my alliance with the youth of France, in what we may well term a sacred war for religious and social liberty. It is not a professor who says this, but a friend speaking to his friends.



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